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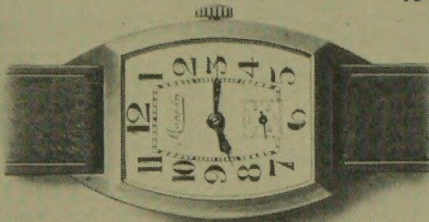
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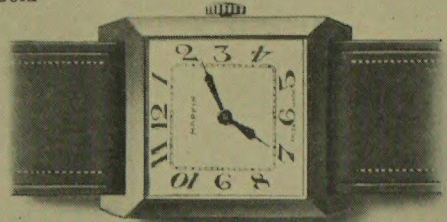
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1925.

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## NOW IN INDIA WITH KING ALBERT AND SHORTLY TO CELEBRATE THEIR "SILVER WEDDING": THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS—A NEW PORTRAIT BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO.

Queen Elisabeth and King Albert will celebrate their "silver wedding" on October 2, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, which took place at Munich in 1900. They are at present travelling in India, having sailed from Marseilles on August 28, in the S.S.

"Rampura." This fine portrait of the Queen of the Belgians was painted recently by Mr. Philip A. de Laszlo, to whom so many royalties have sat, while her Majesty was staying at Welbeck Abbey as a guest of the Duke and Duchess of Portland.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IF I return for a moment to the matter of Stevenson, and the criticisms written by Mr. E. F. Benson, it is not with reference to any of the more personal matters I discussed in criticising that criticism. It is only because it happens to contain a text for some rambling meditations on a merely literary question. I will not pretend to have changed my view that there was something curiously captious about that criticism as it affected the reader; but I can readily believe that no such purpose appeared to the writer. But even its purely literary condemnations often seem to me unjust.

Mr. Benson complains, for instance, that all Stevenson's characters talk like Stevenson, and adduces the example of an ordinary modern medical man like Dr. Jekyll saying that "The amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned." Now every novelist's characters talk a special language, sometimes amounting to a secret language. But there are many great novelists of whom it is much more manifestly true than it is of Stevenson. To take an obvious example, it is much more true of Meredith. A certain amount of that delicate distortion in the mirror of a single mind is inevitable. It is what somebody meant when he said that art is life seen through a temperament. It is what Stevenson himself meant when he said that true fiction, and even true biography, demand "the invention (yes, invention) and perpetuation of a certain key in dialogue." But it is true of more robust and unconscious geniuses who cared nothing about all this tenderness of technique in the culture of the 'nineties. Dick Swiveller and Fred Bayham are both florid and festive Bohemian talkers, but nobody could doubt which of them is Thackeray quoting Horace and which of them is Dickens better acquainted with the works of Tom Moore.

It is no reproach to a novel by Stevenson that we know it is a novel by Stevenson, and that in this sense each of a novelist's characters is only the novelist in disguise. Nor is it true, in the instance given, that the fantastic yet finished diction is only appropriate to the author and not to the character. Dr. Jekyll was very far from being an ordinary medical man, a common or garden doctor in Harley Street. He was a man who had shocked all the ordinary medical men, and shut the doors of Harley Street in horror against him, by his utter abandonment to the wildest psychical adventures and the most bottomless metaphysical speculations. If ever there was a man who must have waded through libraries of modern mysticism, and had his head buzzing with transcendental terms and symbolical images, it must have been that unfortunate physician. There is nothing in the least improbable about his writing a psychological self-analysis referring to the mystery of sin and the amorphous dust. But the particular point I wished to raise was not this one, but another from the same criticism. And even that I only raise for the sake of a larger question, which goes beyond Mr. Benson, and even beyond Stevenson.

The critic considers it a deadly defect in the construction of the same story that Dr. Jekyll, when he

finds the power of the transforming drug beginning to fail, attributes it to the possibility of some accidental impurity in the first supply, a shade of difference that cannot now be recovered through the formula, but which was the last determining touch in the success. The critic argues that this coincidence makes all the doctor's scientific calculations meaningless, and turns the whole story into a mere anecdote of an accident. I do not agree. In any case, it is obviously an exaggeration to say, as the critic does, that Dr. Jekyll "might just as well have taken a rhubarb pill." Nobody supposes that any rhubarb pill by any accident could contain any impurity that would turn it into a drug that would turn a man into a demon. If it could, the taking of a pill would be a more solemn and even tremulous matter than it is. But it is quite possible for an investigator making very abstruse inquiries to come very near to a discovery; to fall short of it by the lack of some unknown ingredient; and to obtain that last ingredient by chance. We have all heard of discoveries made by chance, and many of

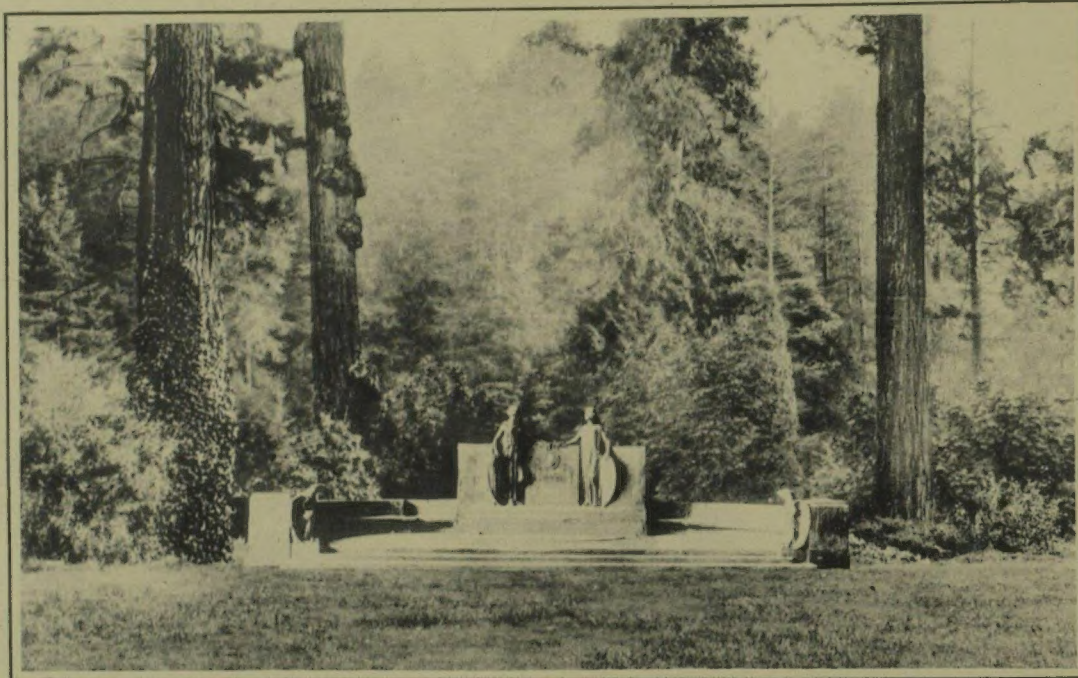
to be his friend than to be his foe. He betrays; and even the bribe he offers is not the bribe he gives. In any number of old legends this is expressed by the idea of the flaw in the deed, the unforeseen disadvantage in the contract.

It is very clearly conveyed, of course, in "Macbeth," where the juggling fiends keep their word of promise to the ear, but break it to the hope. It is expressed in another way in Shylock, who ruthlessly insists on the bond, only to find the bond itself turn against him. As there was a hole in these deals with the devil, so there was a hole in Dr. Jekyll's deal with the devil. Shylock won his case; but he found that winning his case was not the same as winning his object. Macbeth won his crown; but found that winning his crown was not the same as crowning his ambition. Jekyll discovered his drug; but he found that discovering his drug was not the same as possessing his discovery. He assumed that he must find the formula in order to find the drug. As a fact, he does

find the drug, but he does not really find the formula. The power granted to him, like that granted to Macbeth, is a power really given capriciously for a moment and vanishing of itself when its corrupting work upon his soul is done. This seems to me quite sound in a spiritual sense, or what we are now required to call a psychological sense (for it is a mark of modernity to say it in ancient Greek instead of relatively modern Latin). It seems to me spiritually true, and all the more spiritual and the more true because the spirits do not appear. For the witches of this Macbeth are invisible. Yet Jekyll was really killed by Hyde, as much as Macbeth was killed by Macduff. So we might almost say that one of the dark extravagant conditions was fulfilled here also, and he was slain by a man that never was born of woman. The idea of the doctor finding that the formula itself is faulty, even after fortune has permitted it to succeed for once, seems to me a quite legitimate and

convincing modern version or variation on this ancient and profound theme of the devil and the disappointed man. Nor do I think less of Stevenson's story because it is only original in its treatment and only traditional in its moral.

I do not, of course, believe that good and evil spirits are merely allegories that stand for abstractions. But, even considering the abstractions in the abstract, there is here a very valuable abstract truth. Indeed, there is a metaphysical truth rather too subtle to be expressed in this type of tale which the critic thinks too clumsy to be tolerated. When a man clings to one fact, against the tide and torrent of the whole truth, when he sets his feet firmly on one possession or one power, against commonsense and even his own instincts about the nature of things, when he answers everything by saying "I have the bond; I have the promise; I have the formula," it is indeed true that even his own talisman will almost certainly fail him. For even if he thinks he possesses the whole of it, he does not really know the whole of it. That fact itself has aspects which he has not seen yet: that talismanic jewel has facets—and a flaw.



COMMEMORATING 107 YEARS OF PEACE, WITH AN UNFORTIFIED FRONTIER, BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA: THE PRESIDENT HARDING INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL MEMORIAL AT VANCOUVER. This memorial was erected, in Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C., by Kiwanis International, and the dedication was arranged for September 16. The bronze figures symbolise Canada and the United States, and an inscription records President Harding's words: "What an object-lesson of peace is shown to-day by our two countries to all the world! No grim-faced fortifications mark our frontiers, no huge battle-ships patrol our dividing waters, no stealthy spies lurk in our tranquil border hamlets. Only a scrap of paper, recording hardly more than a simple understanding, safeguards lives and properties on the Great Lakes, and only humble mile-posts mark the inviolable boundary line for thousands of miles through farm and forest."—[Photo. by Kaufmann and Fabry Co.]

them, I imagine, must have been made by men who had already approached near to them by design. It seems to me quite possible (so far as any such story can be called possible) that Dr. Jekyll might need some nameless element for the completion of his work, and find that element apparently by accident. I say, apparently by accident, for that is the point—a point of much more importance in a parable than its probability.

There runs, I think, through Stevenson's story an idea that is none the less original for being old. There is present an implication, all the more haunting for being rigidly restrained, because of the rationalistic atmosphere of the author and the hero. For the particular artistic atmosphere of that cockney nightmare, it would be obviously very inartistic if an angel hovered over Jekyll or a devil over Hyde. But in the background there are very big ideas, that have been embodied in the images of angels and devils fighting for the soul of man. Now one of the oldest and newest, one of the most subtle and the most sound, of those ideas about the spiritual struggle is this—that the devil is a traitor. It is more dangerous

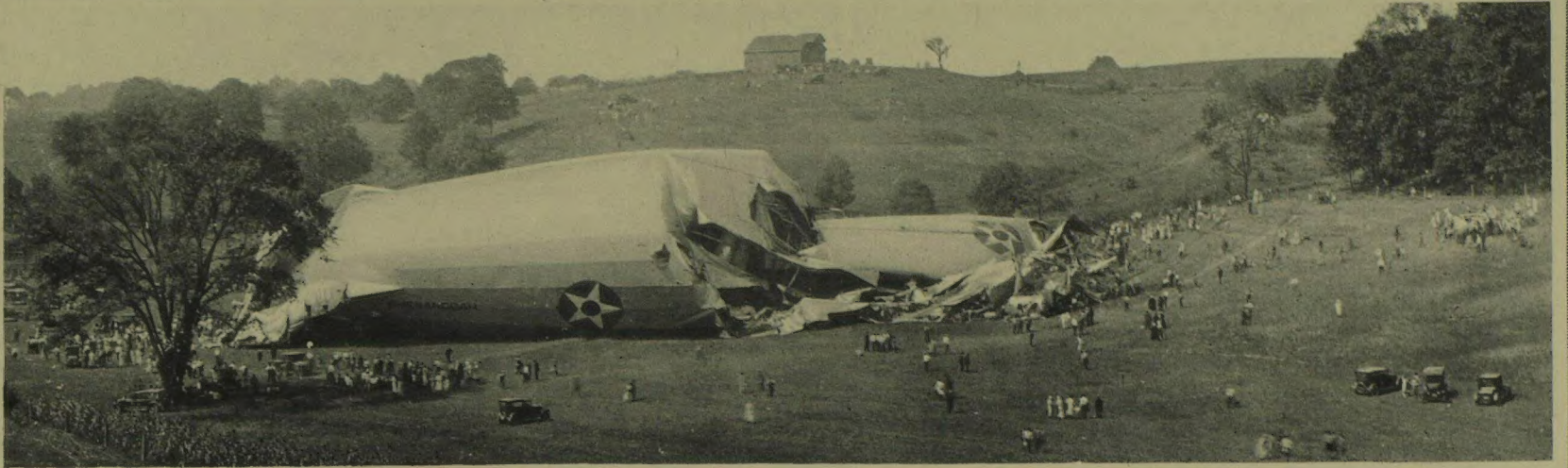
## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 555, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.



# AIRSHIPS AND THE STORM PERIL: THE GREAT "SHENANDOAH" DISASTER.

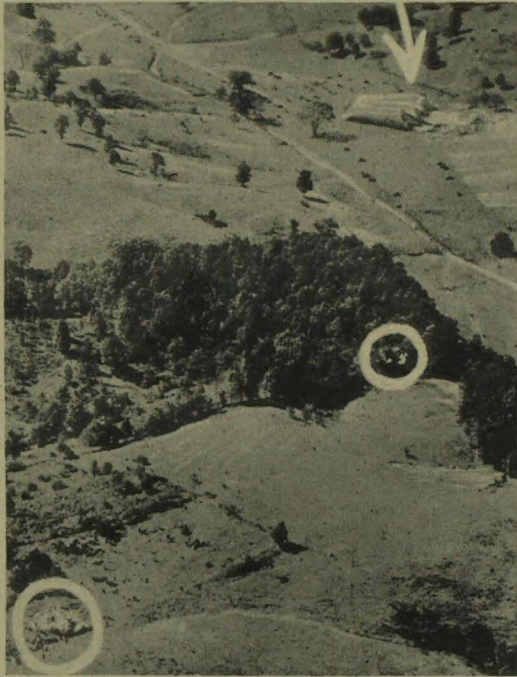
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, P. AND A., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



SHOWING THE REMAINS OF THE CONTROL CABIN IN WHICH THE COMMANDER AND NAVIGATING CREW WERE KILLED: THE WRECK OF THE UNITED STATES AIRSHIP "SHENANDOAH," BROKEN INTO THREE PIECES BY A STORM WHILE FLYING AT 3000 FT. NEAR CAMBRIDGE, OHIO—THE REAR PART, 450 FT. LONG, FALLEN INTO A FIELD NEAR AVA



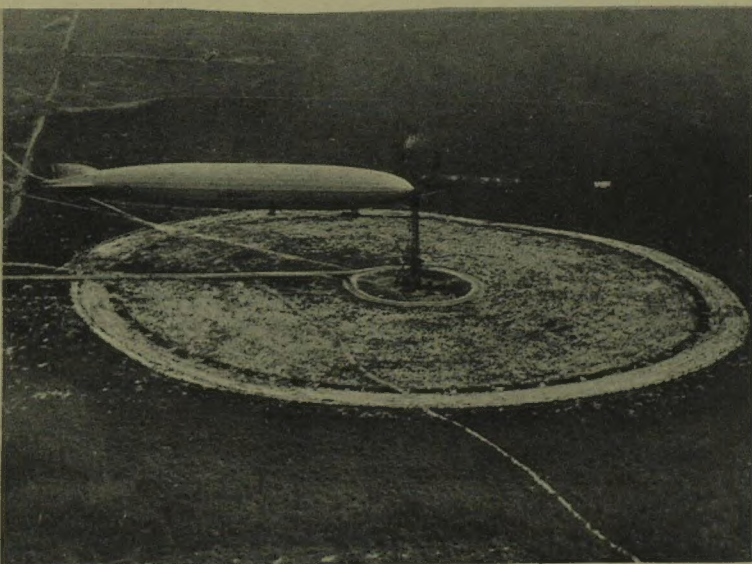
"ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND ANOTHER LEFT": A SURVIVOR OF THE "SHENANDOAH" WRECK, MR. RALPH JONES, RESTORED TO HIS WIFE.



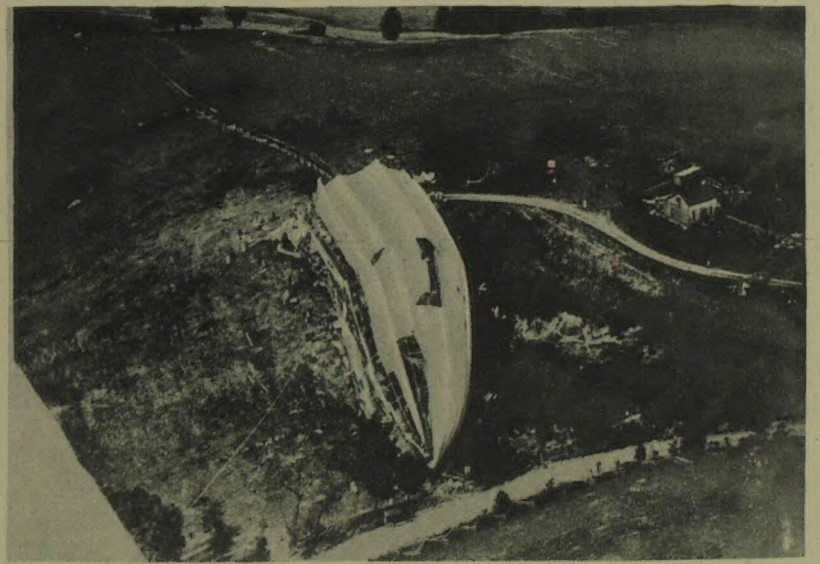
SHOWING (IN CIRCLES) WHERE FRAGMENTS OF THE AIRSHIP FELL, AND (IN BACKGROUND) THE REAR PART SEEN ALSO ABOVE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE WRECK.



ANOTHER HAPPY REUNION AFTER THE DISASTER: MR. FRANK L. PECKHAM, A SURVIVOR, MET BY HIS WIFE AT LAKEHURST.



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "SHENANDOAH," AN HOUR BEFORE SHE STARTED ON HER ILL-FATED FLIGHT: AN AIR-VIEW OF THE GREAT DIRIGIBLE ATTACHED TO THE MOORING MAST AT LAKEHURST.



THE FORE PART OF THE AIRSHIP (ABOUT 150 FT. LONG) THAT DRIFTED FOR TEN MILES AS A FREE BALLOON: AN AIR VIEW OF THIS PORTION TAKEN AFTER IT CAME TO GROUND AT SHARON.

The terrible disaster to the United States airship "Shenandoah," which recalls that of the British "R. 38" at Hull in 1921, aroused strong sympathy in this country. The "Shenandoah" left Lakehurst, New Jersey, on September 2, for a flight to Minneapolis, and, after crossing the Alleghenies by moonlight, encountered a succession of storms. While flying at 3000 ft. near Cambridge, Ohio, the airship broke into three pieces. The rear portion, 450 ft. long, fell into a field near Ava, Ohio, and the control car, containing the captain (Commander Zachary Lansdowne) and navigating staff, crashed to earth about 50 ft.

away. Fourteen men were killed, including Commander Lansdowne and three other officers. The widow of one of them (Lieut. Louis Hancock) had lost her first husband (Lieut. Little) in the wreck of the "R. 38." The total complement on board the "Shenandoah" was 11 officers and 31 men. There were sad scenes afterwards, as well as some happy reunions, at the aerodrome at Lakehurst, among the relatives and friends of the crew, who had waited to know whether or not their loved ones were among the survivors. The Secretary of the U.S. Navy appointed a Naval Court of Inquiry to investigate the accident.



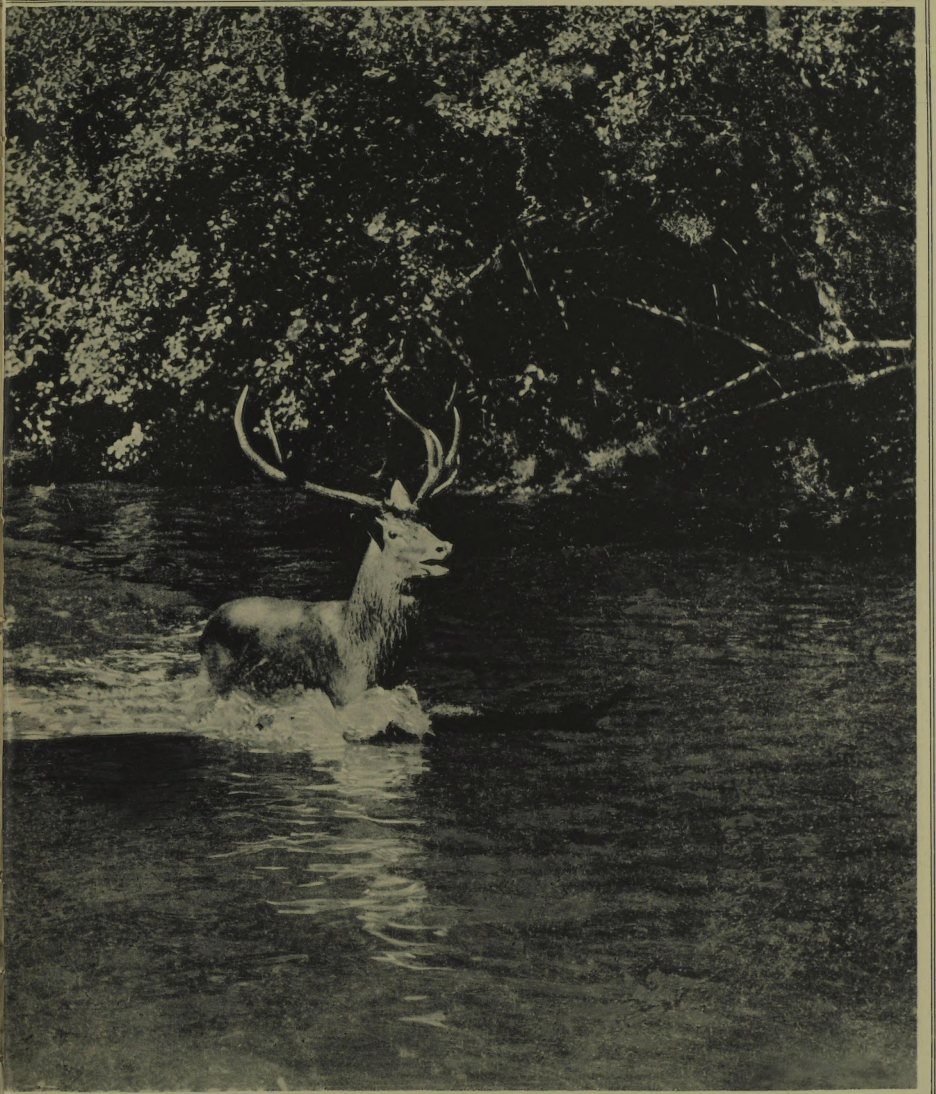
UNIQUE IN ENGLAND AS A HAUNT OF WILD DEER SINCE PREHISTORIC TIMES: EXMOOR—STAG-HUNTING.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED VOWLES, MINEHEAD.



THE MOST REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF A STAG HUNT:

Stag-hunting on Exmoor is a time-honoured sport, and tradition tells that staghounds were kept at Simonsbath as far back as 1596. Since 1746 there are many records of the hunt. In 1825 the old pack was sold, and then came a lawless period of poaching which almost exterminated the deer; but in 1855, when only some sixty head remained, the pack was securely re-established by Mr. Bisset. These facts are quoted from an interesting article in the August number of "Discovery," by E. W. Hendy (Ernest Blake), who writes: "Exmoor is the only region in England in which red deer have roamed wild from prehistoric times to the present day. . . . There can be little doubt that to-day it is hunting which preserves the wild red deer from extinction. When one has seen something of the damage which they do to farmers' crops, it is not difficult to realise that, if hunting were abolished, their doom would be sealed,



THE QUARRY TAKES TO THE WATER IN ANTHONY'S WEIR.

and that in a few years. And it is only the fine sporting spirit of the countryside which makes hunting possible; one cannot speak too often of the debt of gratitude which nature-lovers owe to local sportsmen of all classes. . . . It is true that, if the deer were not hunted, it might be possible to preserve some of the herd in a private park; but . . . what are tame deer in comparison with the splendid wild creatures which have ranged free and untrammelled over the heathery wastes and grassy bogs of Exmoor for a thousand years and longer? One day last November I watched an Exmoor stag in Horner; there was 'pride in his port, defiance in his eye'; two days later I saw a tame stag almost run over by a motor-car in Richmond Park! Surely anyone who loves the wild life which is still spared to us here . . . would prefer to see the red deer hunted and free, rather than unmolested and confined within park palings!"



## NEW LIGHT ON ROMAN ENGLAND: GREAT DISCOVERIES AT WROXETER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. FRANCIS B. ANDREWS, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S., Hon. Sec. OF THE BIRMINGHAM ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.  
(SEE ALSO DOUBLE-PAGE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF VIROCONIUM ON PAGES 532-533 IN THIS NUMBER.)



DECORATED WITH A FISH DESIGN: A SAMIAN BOWL FROM ROMAN VIROCONIUM (WROXETER), ABOUT 12 IN. DIAMETER.



SOME OF THE 200 SPECIMENS OF SAMIAN POTTERY FOUND: "NESTS" OF BOWLS, DISHES, AND CUPS APPARENTLY BURIED IN THE FIRST FIRE AT THE FORUM OF VIROCONIUM (160-70 A.D.)



DECORATED WITH FIGURES, INCLUDING ONE LIKE A VENUS: A STRAIGHT-SIDED SAMIAN BOWL ABOUT 6 IN. HIGH.



USED BY ROMAN SOLDIERS IN ENGLAND ABOUT 1500 YEARS AGO: A BRONZE CAMP KETTLE FROM VIROCONIUM



BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED: A BRONZE DISC WITH AN INTERTWINED FLORAL HANDLE VARIOUSLY IDENTIFIED AS A MIRROR OR THE LID OF A VESSEL (11.3-8 IN. DIAMETER).



MADE 1800 YEARS AGO: A FIRST-CENTURY ROMAN BUCKET OF OAK AND IRON (RESTORED) FOUND IN A WELL.



ADORNED WITH HUMAN FIGURES AND HEADS: A SAMIAN BOWL (ABOUT 10 IN. DIAMETER) FOUND AT VIROCONIUM.



WORN PERHAPS BY THE WIVES OF ROMAN OFFICERS IN ENGLAND: BROOCHES AND OTHER ORNAMENTS, INCLUDING ANIMAL FIGURES; AND A KNIFE, FOUND AT VIROCONIUM.



ANOTHER OF THE NUMEROUS SPECIMENS OF SAMIAN WARE FROM VIROCONIUM: A DECORATED BOWL (8 IN. DIAMETER).



A POPULAR WARE IN ROMAN BRITAIN: ANOTHER SAMIAN BOWL (11 IN. DIAMETER) DECORATED WITH HUMAN FIGURES.



SHOWING AN INSCRIPTION (ON LEFT): A SAMIAN BOWL (10 IN. DIAMETER) ONE OF MANY BEARING THE POTTER'S NAME.

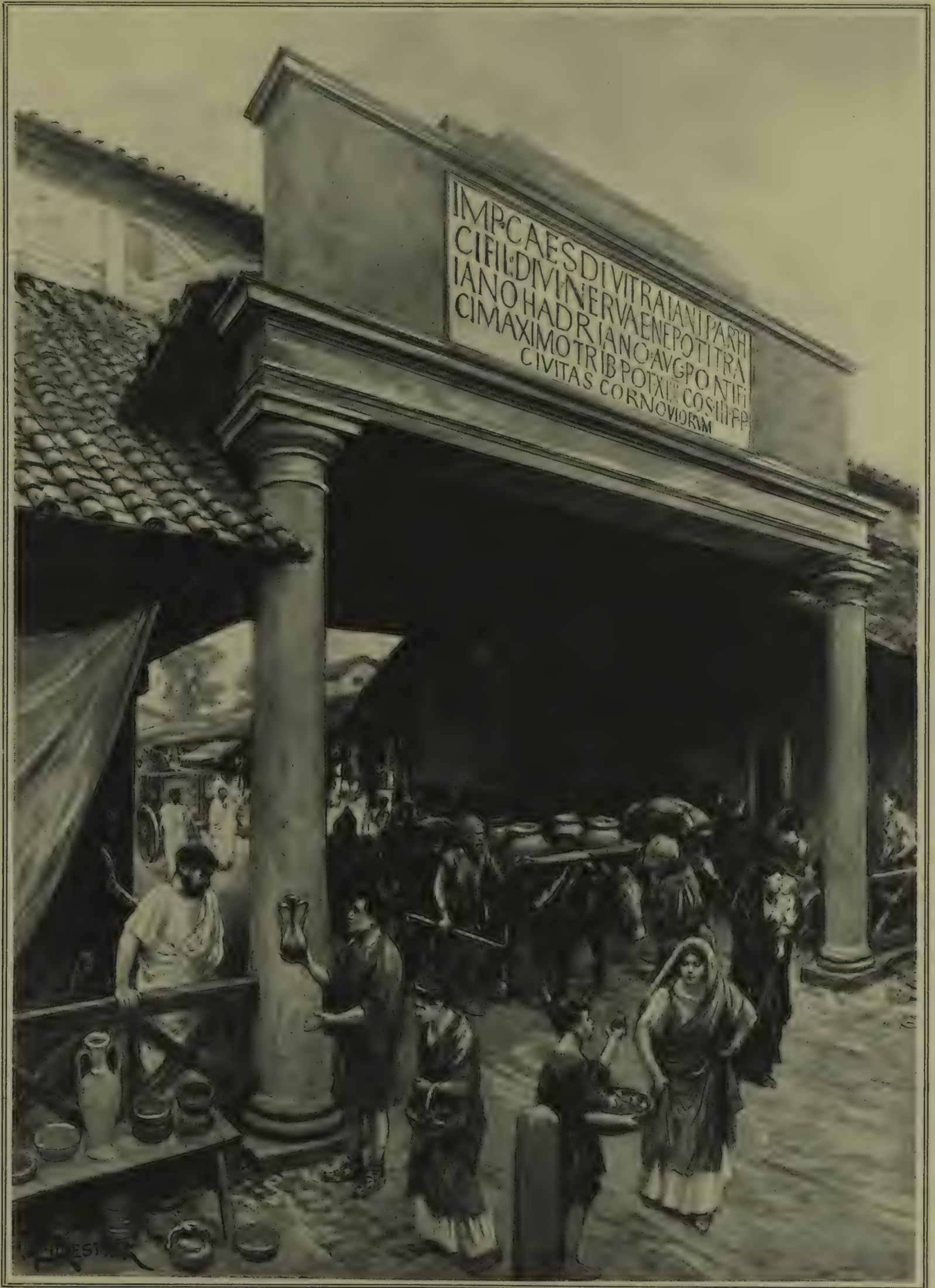
The important discoveries at Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury, on the site of the ancient Roman city of Viroconium (or Uriconium), described by Mr. Francis B. Andrews in his article on page 520, have thrown much new and interesting light on life in England under the Roman rule. "A most remarkable find," he writes, "was that of piles or 'nests' of Samian bowls, dishes and cups, both plain and ornamental, altogether over 200. . . . Nearly all bear their potters' stamps, and many well-known names are recognisable, and very many of them are perfect

and without crack or flaw. . . . Other finds included a very beautiful concave bronze disc with a twisted and intertwined floral handle. What this object may have been is uncertain; some have suggested a mirror, and others the lid of a vessel such as a wine-mixer. . . . In excavating a well, an excellent example of a Roman 'bucket' was found, with some of its wooden staves still remaining, and its handle and a piece of chain. The bucket has been carefully restored. A camp kettle in bronze, many brooches, and ornaments have also been dug up."



## WROXETER IN HADRIAN'S DAY: A ROMAN FORUM IN SHROPSHIRE.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER. (SEE ALSO DOUBLE-PAGE DRAWING IN THIS NUMBER, PAGES 532-533.)



SHOWING THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TABLET OF DEDICATION BY THE LOCAL COMMUNITY TO HADRIAN IN 130 A.D.:  
A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE FORUM AT VIROCONIUM.

In this drawing Mr. Forestier suggests the probable appearance of the main entrance to the Forum at Viroconium, whose remains have recently been excavated at Wroxeter, as described by Mr. Francis B. Andrews in his article on page 520. That page also contains a photograph of the actual fragments of the inscription tablet, which is the largest ever found in this country, and an English translation. It records that the building

was dedicated to the Emperor Hadrian, in 130 A.D., by "the Community of the Cornovii." As Mr. Andrews points out, the historic value of this inscription lies not only in the fact that it dates the building, but as showing that "the custom already known in (Roman) continental administration also existed in Britain, i.e., that the local community had directive authority in civic affairs."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN ROMAN BRITAIN: IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AT VIROCONIUM (WROXETER).

By FRANCIS B. ANDREWS, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S., Hon. Sec. and Editor to the Birmingham Archaeological Society.

FROM the beginning of June until the end of September of last year, despite all the difficulties of a phenomenally wet summer, excavation work was carried out on the site of the important Roman city of Viroconium (Wroxeter), which lies to

The main front of the building faced the east, and was divided from the street by a narrow forecourt of cobbled paving. It consisted of a wide colonnade having a tiled roof, and it extended throughout the whole frontage. It had two columns of larger size to mark the main entrance, which was probably placed in the centre of the front. This colonnade is the largest ever uncovered in this country, and, it has been conjectured, was continuous, to the north of the entrance, symmetrically with the portion opened up to

front of the building, and into which they appear to have fallen in the first of three destructions by fire which befell the edifice. This was about 160-70 A.D. Nearly all the vessels bear their potter's stamp, and many well-known names are recognisable, and very many of them are perfect and without crack or flaw.

The second destruction of the building—which had possibly not been wholly restored to its original condition—may be dated at about 300 A.D., and the final one towards the end of that century. These dates are suggested by coins that have been found, and the facts are argued from the evidences in excavation.

Other finds included a very beautiful concave bronze disc of ornamental character with a twisted and intertwined floral handle. What this object may have been is uncertain—some have suggested it was a mirror, and others that it was the lid of a vessel such as a wine-mixer. In excavating a well, an excellent example of a Roman bucket was found, with some of its wooden staves still remaining, and its handle and a piece of chain. The bucket has been carefully restored, and is a most valuable specimen. A pioneer's axe in perfect condition was also found in a well, and a large blue glass bottle with a handle. A camp-kettle in bronze, very many examples of brooches of various forms and enrichments, and a whole collection of minor ornaments and items both of bronze and iron, have also been dug up in the progress of the work.

An interesting evidence of the method of water supply to the town was discovered when a series of



THE LARGEST ROMAN INSCRIPTION TABLET EVER DISCOVERED IN ENGLAND (NEARLY 12 FT. LONG AND 4 FT. WIDE): THE PIECED FRAGMENTS OF THE DEDICATION TO HADRIAN, BY THE COMMUNITY OF THE CORNOVII, OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE FORUM AT VIROCONIUM.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Mr. Francis B. Andrews, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S.

the south of the main road between Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury, about six miles distant from the latter town. The work has been carried out under the ægis of the Birmingham Archaeological Society, with the co-operation of the Shropshire Archaeological Society. The owner of the land, the Right Hon. Lord Barnard, and the tenant in occupation, Mr. C. V. Everall, have given every assistance to the work. The whole undertaking has proved of the utmost historical value, and sincerest thanks are due to Sir Charles Hyde, Bt., proprietor of the *Birmingham Post*, for the munificent offer he made to the Birmingham Society to bear the whole expense of the work for three years, thus making it possible to set it in hand on a useful scale.

The excavations of last year—following a month of preliminary exploration in the autumn of 1923—have been productive of really wonderful results, one at least of which is of the greatest historical importance, and are now being continued.

In order to conserve with the utmost care the value of this important excavation work, the Birmingham Society retained the services of Mr. Donald Atkinson, B.A., of Manchester University, and appointed him to direct and record the progress and results of it; while one of its own members, Mr. Thomas G. Barnett, F.S.A., resided on the spot throughout the whole period, and the present writer, as the society's honorary secretary, was frequently on the site and took charge of its general administration.

The particular position on the site of the city on which these excavations have been proceeding is, almost without question, that of the Forum. It is right in the centre of the city on the west side of the Roman street line, and opposite the baths which were opened up in 1859-60.

the south of it. Behind this colonnade lay a range of rooms, of which four to the south have been laid open; and beyond this range was a large open courtyard with what appears to have been a colonnade running transversely across it parallel to the street. There was evidently much of the building yet to be explored, and this work has proceeded further during the present summer.

In front of the entrance columns were found the shattered fragments of the largest inscription tablet ever discovered in England. When its pieces had been carefully collected and pieced together, the following inscription, in beautiful Roman lettering, was exhibited—

IMP. CA(ES). DIVI. TRAIANI.  
PARTHI  
CI. FIL. DI(VI. N)ERVAE.  
NEPOTI. TRA  
IANO. H(AD)RIANO. AVG.  
PONT(IFI)  
CI. MAXIMO. TRIB. POT. XIII  
(COS. III. P.P.)  
CIVITAS CORNOV(IORVM).

Translation—

To the Emperor Caesar Trajanus Hadrianus—son of the deified Trajanus Parthicus, grandson of the deified Nerva—Augustus, Pontifex Maximus, holding the Tribunician power for the 14th time, Consul for the 3rd time, Father of his Country, the Community of the Cornovii (erected this building).

The historic value of this inscription lies not only in the fact that it gives a close date to the building and its dedication, which was to the Emperor Hadrian in his fourteenth Tribunician power—i.e., 130 A.D.—but still more in that it evidences that the custom already known in Continental administration also existed here in the Province of Britain—i.e., that the local community (in this case the Cornovii) had directive authority in the civic affairs of their district under the Roman over-rule. This discovery may be counted as the most important historical fact that has been found in the past twenty years.

Another, and also a most remarkable, find was that of piles or "nests" of Samian bowls, dishes, and cups, both plain and ornamental, altogether over 200 in number, the bulk of which were found embedded in the sand of the gutter which ran along the street

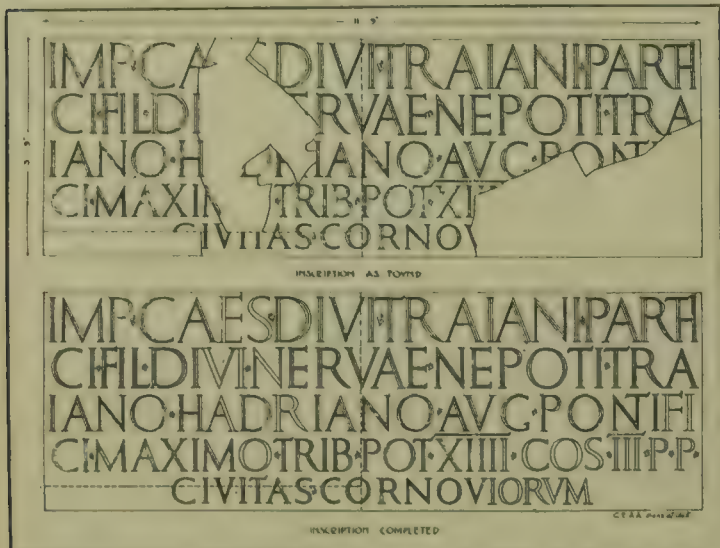


THE LONGEST CONTINUOUS ROMAN COLONNADE EVER DISCOVERED IN THIS COUNTRY: THE FRONTAGE OF THE FORUM AT VIROCONIUM (NOW CALLED WROXETER), SHOWING, AT THE FAR END, TWO LARGER COLUMN-BASES OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE (PROBABLY THE CENTRE OF THE COLONNADE)—A VIEW LOOKING NORTH.

iron connecting collars for wooden pipes was dug up. These were all lying in a line, spaced sufficiently far apart to argue lengths of wood-bored pipes as having been laid between them. The collars were about 2½ inches internal diameter, formed like wide flat rings, the outer edges being sharp and having a raised collar in the centre of the flat, so that when two wooden pipes were driven tightly together on them the sharp edges cut into the end grain of the wood up to the raised collar and formed a sound water-tight joint. Wood fibre still adhered to most of them.

The reconstruction drawings (pages 519, 532-533) with which this article is illustrated are works of imagination by the artist. The argument for certain portions of them is unquestionably sound, but in other parts he has given play to interesting, even if somewhat free, fancy in the treatment of the subject, in which possibly the idea of the upper storey is the greatest venture. At all events, Viroconium was a great city. Its area occupied some 170 acres, its circumvallation was about three miles, and it stood fourth largest of the Roman towns in Great Britain.

The excavation work was reopened at the beginning of June last, and it is hoped that still further discoveries of great importance will be made. Each year's work will be reported in close detail in an official volume to be issued by the Birmingham Archaeological Society.

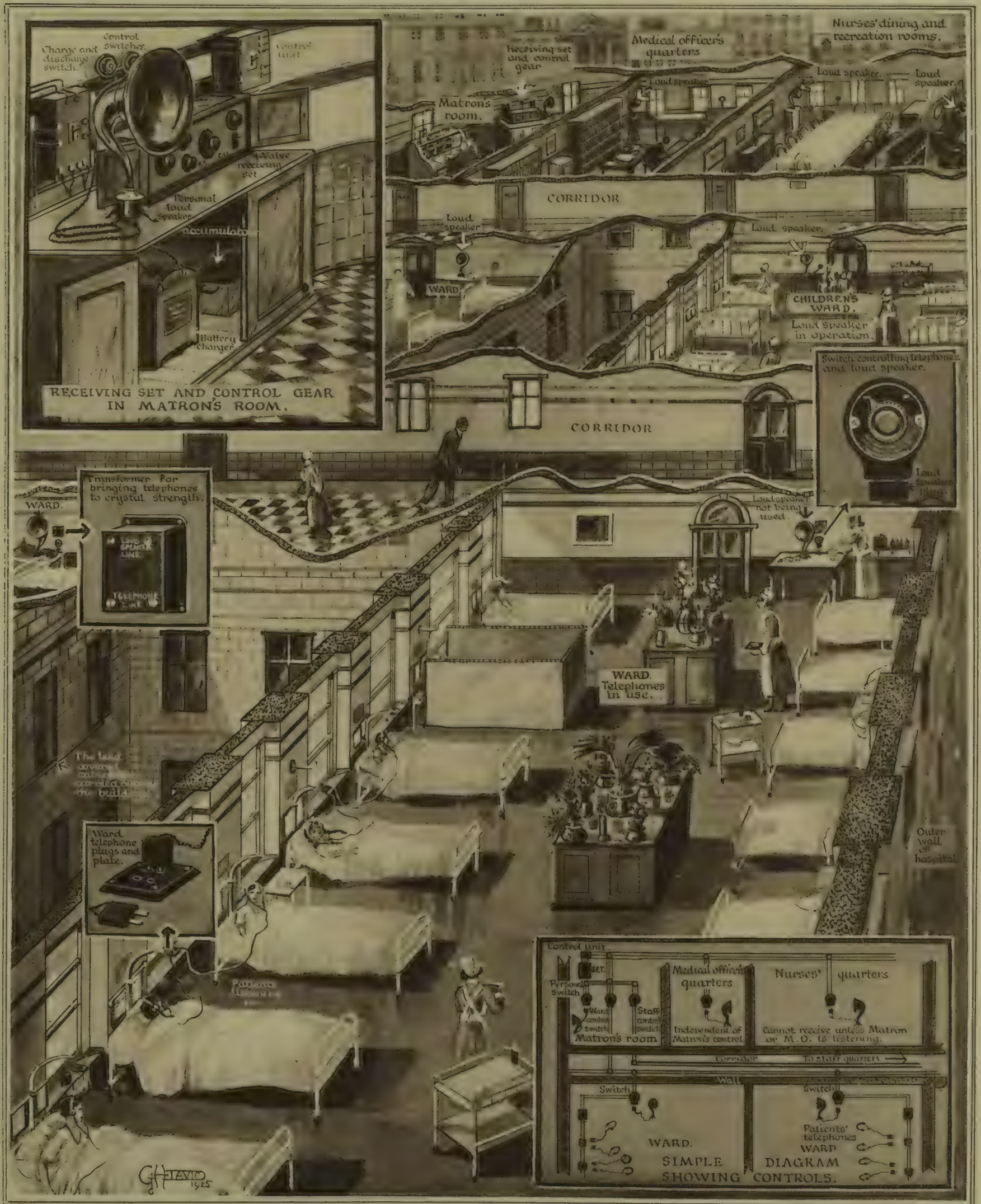


REVEALING AN IMPORTANT FACT—THAT THE LOCAL COMMUNITY HAD CONTROL OF CIVIC AFFAIRS UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE—AND ALSO FIXING THE DATE (130 A.D.): THE VIROCONIUM INSCRIPTION—A COPY AS FOUND (ABOVE) AND WITH THE GAPS FILLED IN (BELOW). A translation of the inscription is given in the accompanying article. On a double-page in this number is a reconstruction drawing of the forum, street, and adjacent buildings at Viroconium in Roman days.



## RADIO MUSIC IN HOSPITALS: A GREAT BOON TO PATIENTS AND STAFF.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION.



## HOSPITAL LIFE BRIGHTENED BY BROADCAST ENTERTAINMENTS: THE SYSTEM OF CONTROL AND DISTRIBUTION.

Several hospitals in London are now provided with receiving-sets, and the patients and staff are entertained daily by radio talks and music. Our illustration shows wards of a hospital so fitted, with the Burndept Auto-Broadcast system. In the matron's room is the control gear. She has her neat little control switches that govern the wards and the staff quarters, and then each sister in charge of a ward has her independent switch for controlling that particular ward. Each ward has one or two loud-speaker plug points and neat little fittings with plug points for each patient to listen in by means of the 'phones. If there are patients in the ward too ill to allow the use of the loud-speaker, the other

patients can listen-in by means of their telephones, and, to reduce the volume of sound from loud-speaker strength to crystal strength, a transformer is fitted and acts automatically. When the set is not in use the matron can put the accumulators on charge from the ordinary electric mains. The whole system is one of the greatest boons ever brought into the hospitals, and the fund being raised by the "Daily News" to provide all our hospitals with wireless installations is worthy of every support. There is a replica of a hospital ward fitted with this broadcast system in the great Wireless Exhibition at the Albert Hall, which will remain open till September 23—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE COLOUR OF TOM CATS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ONE would hardly have supposed that the colours of tom cats could have afforded a theme for a newspaper discussion. But it is always the unexpected that happens! As a matter of fact, a great deal is to be said on this subject, which, indeed, embraces some very curious and interesting facts. The discussion concerned a male cat of the coloration known as "tortoiseshell," which is found but rarely in male cats. At one time such an occurrence was put down as a mere "freak" of Nature. This, however, is by no means the case. Thanks to the researches of Gregor Johann Mendel, and those who have carried on his work, we are able to say what are the factors which go to the making of a tortoiseshell cat. We can go further than this. We can show that this is no mere idle boast of knowledge, for, given suitable material, we can actually produce a tortoiseshell cat!

To begin with, of course, we must have two cats, and they must be of opposite sexes. One extremely important—requirement to this end has yet to be mentioned: they must be of the right colours. One must be black, or black-and-white, the other orange, or "sandy," in colour. The mating of cats with these two colours gives some curiously interesting results. Thus, the cross between a sandy female and a black male will result in tortoiseshell female and sandy male kittens; but the opposite cross, between a black female and a sandy male, produces black kittens, either male or female, tortoiseshell females, and sandy males. This, at any rate, is the general rule for such matings. But, in dealing with living bodies, one must always be prepared to meet with exceptions. And one of the kittens which formed the subject of the correspondence to which I have referred affords a case in point. It was out of a black female by a sandy male, and, being a male, it should have been sandy or black. But, for some inscrutable reason, it developed the tortoiseshell colouring which is almost always confined to the females. Unfortunately, nothing was said as to the coloration of the rest of the litter.

Why is it that the cross between sandy females and black males should always give only tortoiseshell females and sandy males; while with the reverse cross—black female and sandy male—the offspring should present three types of coloration—black, tortoiseshell, and sandy? Finally, when a male tortoiseshell is mated with a female of the same colour, the progeny are tortoiseshell, sandy, and black. In some strains of cats the pigments seem to have undergone a process of "watering-down," or dilution; that is to say, they are lacking in intensity, giving, as a result, the colours cream and blue. These conspicuous types

at present beyond us to explain. We have, however, parallels in the case of our cattle and horses. The great, irregular blotches of red and white, black and white, and roan on cattle, and our piebald, roan—blue and red, chestnut, brown, bay, and black as well as white horses have no counterpart among wild horses and cattle.



WITH A "ROSETTE" (A BLACK RING ROUND AN OVAL BLACK PATCH) ON THE FLANKS: A MYSTERIOUS TYPE OF COLORATION IN A DOMESTIC "TABBY."

But our conversation is of cats. Domestication has produced another very remarkable type of



GENERALLY REGARDED AS THE ANCESTOR OF OUR DOMESTICATED CATS: THE EGYPTIAN CAT, SIMILAR IN COLORATION TO OUR "TABBIES."

coloration. Our cats are normally of what we call the "tabby" type. That is to say, they are vertically striped as to the trunk, and horizontally striped on the limbs. But there is, besides, another and very striking form of coloration, wherein the flanks are marked by a conspicuous rosette—an irregular ring of black surrounding a large oval patch of black. My friend Mr. R. I. Pocock was the first to draw attention to this very striking pattern; which, it seems, is not disturbed by intercrossing where cats of this type mate with the typical "tabby." Here, again, we have a pattern unknown among wild cats in any part of the world. It arose as a "mutation," but when, and where, no one knows.

So far as I know, no "Mendelian" experiments have been made with cats thus marked. They would be worth making. By "Mendelian" experiments, I mean experiments made on the lines laid down by the Abbé Mendel, in his famous experiments with peas sixty years ago. For years his work passed unheeded. But at long last he came into his own, largely through the advocacy of Professor Bateson, the greatest of the exponents of Mendel's wonderful work, which has since been carried by Bateson far beyond Mendel's range. But this is really another story, which must be reserved for another occasion. Suffice it now to say that the breeder to-day, whether of plants or animals, need no longer work in the

dark, by guess-work. He can foretell, with a very considerable degree of accuracy, what this or that mating will produce, at any rate so far as characters like coat-colours, the combs of fowls, and so on, are concerned.

And now let me turn to the matter of the origin of our own domesticated cat. There is still some uncertainty about this; but the evidence on the whole seems to favour the view that it is the descendant of the wild Egyptian cat—*Felis ochreata*. One of the most important pieces of evidence in support of this view is the fact that our cat and the Egyptian species agree in having the pads of the feet black. In the hind-feet the black extends up to the heel-bone; whereas in our native wild cat, still found at large in Scotland, the sole of the hind-foot is of some shade of yellow, or yellowish grey; while the pads have but a small black spot. In so far as the general coloration of the body is concerned, our "tabby" and our native wild cat are closely alike. Again, the dark rings on the tail of the wild cat appear blackish-brown when held against the light, whereas in the domesticated "tabby" they are jet-black. Cats were held in great veneration by the ancient Egyptians, and their mummified remains are found in thousands in their tombs. Is our cat a descendant of these pampered animals, or was it derived direct from the wild race?

But all domesticated cats are not derivatives of the Egyptian cat. Thus the singular Siamese cat is almost certainly the descendant of the golden, or bay cat, *Felis temminckii*, of the Malay countries; while the beautiful Angora, or Persian, is apparently the descendant of Pallas's cat, *Felis manul*, of the deserts of Central Asia. The spotted domesticated cats of India have probably been derived from the Indian desert cat, *Felis ornata*, a pale, sandy-coloured animal, with small roundish black spots on the body and spots or streaks on the neck and face. Probably, however, crossing has taken place between two other species, the leopard cat and the tiny rusty-spotted cat. The eyra cat, of South America and Mexico, is a short-legged, long-bodied species, which is tamed by the natives, and makes a charming pet. But it has never, I believe, found its way into Europe, save as a menagerie specimen, and so may be left out of consideration as a factor in the evolution of the domesticated cat.

Finally, mention must be made of the Manx cat, whose chief peculiarity is that it has no more than the stump of a tail. Since there are no wild species in like case, we must regard this as another instance of "mutation." The other species mentioned here may each or all have played some part in modifying the coloration of our own domesticated animal.



ONCE COMMON IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE SCOTTISH WILD CAT, WHOSE BLOOD MAY RUN IN MANY OF OUR DOMESTIC CATS. "The Scottish wild cat differs in coloration only in some particulars from the Egyptian cat. No doubt many of our cats have 'wild-cat' blood, for this animal was at one time common in Great Britain, and may well have crossed with domestic cats."—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

of coloration are, in themselves, extremely interesting. But they become still more so when we pause to ask whence, and how, they came into being. For the moment, all that we can say is that they are the concomitants of domestication. For there are no wild species thus marked. Why domestication should have brought about such types is



"ALMOST CERTAINLY THE DESCENDANT OF THE 'GOLDEN, OR BAY, CAT OF THE MALAY COUNTRIES': THE SHORT-HAIRED SIAMESE CAT.

"The Siamese cat is short-haired, with the body fawn-coloured, while the head, limbs, and tail are dark brown; the eyes are blue, and there are two bald spots on the forehead. New-born kittens are white. While some authorities hold that it is derived from the bay cat of the Malay countries, others contend that it is a descendant of the Egyptian cat."

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

But of this we have no evidence. Enough, at any rate, has now been said to show that in the coloration of our cats there is more than meets the eye at first glance.



# THE BUILDER WASP, PARALYSER OF CATERPILLARS; AND ITS "CUCKOO."

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. DOBSON, F.E.S., FROM THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION, NOW OPEN AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE.



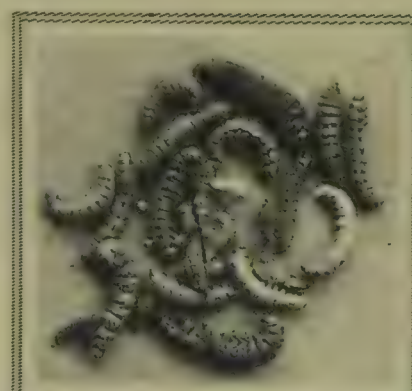
THE BEGINNING OF THE BUILDER WASP'S NEST: THE FIRST CELL.



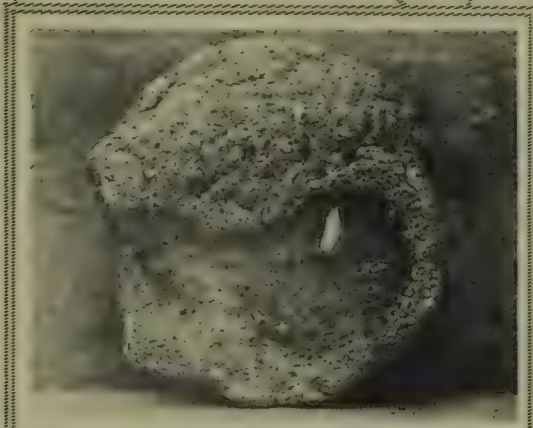
A FURTHER STAGE IN THE BUILDING OF THE NEST: MORE CELLS COMPLETED.



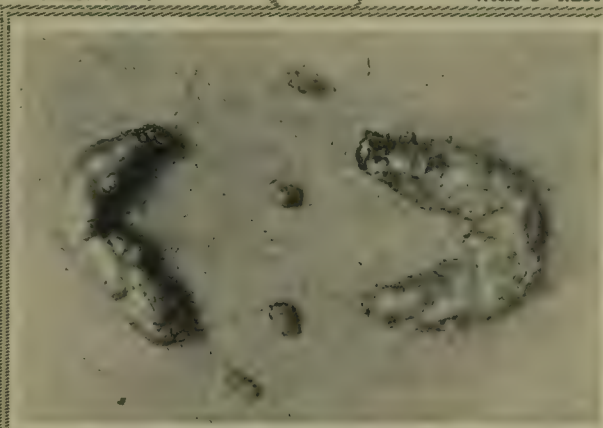
ALMOST FINISHED, SAVE FOR THE OUTER PLASTERING: A BUILDER WASP'S NEST.



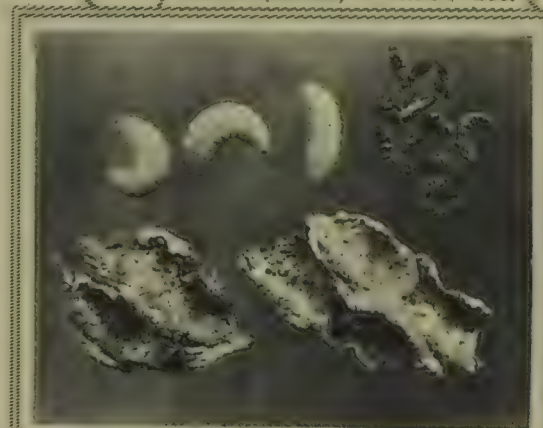
PARALYSED CATERPILLARS STORED BY THE WASP TO FEED ITS LARVÆ—(CENTRE) A WASP'S EGG.



LEFT TO HATCH AND FEED ON STORED CATERPILLARS: A BUILDER WASP'S EGG (WITH CELL WALLS REMOVED).



EATEN FROM WITHIN BY ICHNEUMON FLY LARVÆ, WHICH TURN INTO PUPÆ: CATERPILLARS FROM A CELL IN A BUILDER WASP'S NEST.



THREE ALMOST FULL-GROWN BUILDER WASP LARVÆ; REMAINS OF FOOD SUPPLY (CATERPILLARS); AND BISECTED CELLS.



THE "CUCKOO" IN THE BUILDER WASP'S NEST: A FLAME FLY LARVA (ON THE WASP LARVA IN THE RIGHT-HAND CELL).



THE "CUCKOO": A FLAME FLY LARVA (CENTRE), WITH TWO BUILDER WASP LARVÆ (REMOVED FROM CELLS).



BUILDER WASP (*Odynerus Parietum*)—LIFE-SIZE.



FLAME FLY (*Chrysis Ignita*)—LIFE-SIZE.



AFTER DEVOURING THE WASP LARVÆ: FLAME FLIES EMERGING FROM CELLS OF A BUILDER WASP'S NEST.



ANOTHER FOE OF THE BUILDER WASP: A GROUND BEETLE (*PTEROSTICHUS NIGER*) RAIDING THE NEST.



THE RAIDER "BURGLING" IN THE OWNER'S ABSENCE: A GROUND BEETLE PLUNDERING A BUILDER WASP CELL.



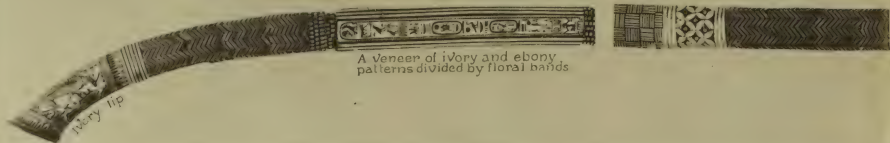
CAUGHT IN THE ACT: THE BUILDER WASP RETURNS HOME AND DRIVES AWAY THE INTRUDER FROM THE CELL.

These very interesting photographs are in the Natural History section of the Royal Photographic Society's seventieth annual Exhibition, which will be open at 35, Russell Square until October 24. Mr. T. Dobson, who took them, writes: "The Builder Wasp (*Odynerus Parietum*) is one of the 'solitary' wasps, and builds its nest of cells with small pellets of mud; afterwards covering the whole with an outer plastering as a protection against the weather, giving it the appearance of a dried mud-splash on the stone support. The wasp stocks each cell, as completed, with fresh food consisting of caterpillars which it has cleverly stung so as to paralyse but not kill; it then suspends its egg out of harm's way at

the top of the cell, which it then seals and proceeds with the building of others. The egg hatches, and the resulting larva feeds upon the food supplied, changes into the pupa stage, and eventually emerges as a perfect wasp. The nests, however, are subject to the unwelcome attentions of a brilliantly coloured 'cuckoo'—the Flame Fly (*Chrysis Ignita*)—which surreptitiously lays its egg in the cell, its offspring ultimately consuming the wasp larva and taking entire possession, so that there eventually emerges, not a wasp, but another Flame Fly. The nests are also subject to raids by the Ground Beetle (*Pterostichus Niger*) which plunders the cells until driven off by the returning wasp."



# THE ELABORATE WALKING-STICKS OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: TUTANKHAMEN'S CANES.



A Vaseen of ivory and ebony patterns divided by floral bands  
Ivory tip

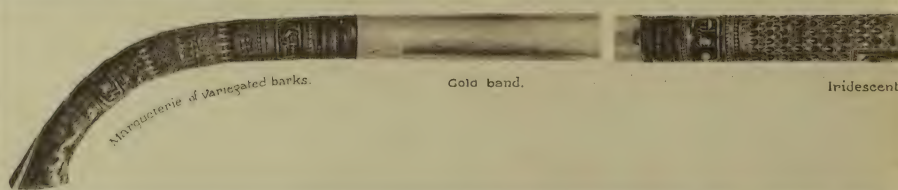
COMPLETELY VENEERED WITH IVORY AND EBONY PATTERNS, DIVIDED BY BANDS OF FLORAL ORNAMENT, AND CARVED HUNTING DEVICES OF THE GREAT OUTERMOST



Ferrule of gold and electrum

An inscription recording

A PLAIN REED WHOSE SURPRISINGLY RICH MOUNTING IS EXPLAINED BY THE INSCRIPTION—"A REED WHICH HIS MAJESTY THE OUTER SHRINE



Marqueterie of variegated barks.

Gold band.

Iridescent

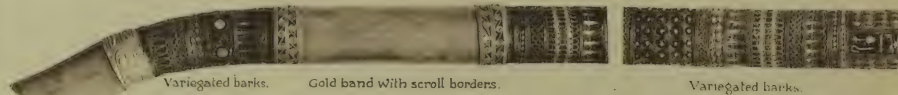
elytra of beetles.

"ELABORATELY DECORATED WITH MINUTE MARQUETERIE OF VARIEGATED BARKS, IRIDESCENT ELYTRA OF BEETLES, AND BROAD BANDS



Glass inlay mingled with fine gold filigree.

INSCRIBED "THE BEAUTIFUL STICK OF HIS MAJESTY": A SECTION OF IT "ENCRUSTED WITH EXQUISITE GLASS INLAY INTERMINGLED WITH FINE GOLD FILIGREE WORK."



Variegated barks.

Gold band with scroll borders.

Variegated barks.

PERHAPS THE MOST ELABORATE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S WALKING-STICKS FOUND IN HIS SHRINE: THREE SECTIONS WITH SCROLL-PATTERN BORDERS.



ON ITS SOLID IVORY TIPS: SECTIONS OF ONE OF THE MORE PERSONAL BATONS, OR SPORTING STICKS, FOUND IN A CORNER SHRINE IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.



at the King cut this reed himself.

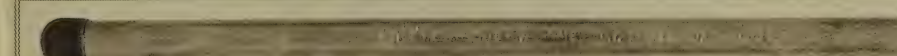
Ferrule of gold and electrum

CUT WITH HIS OWN HAND": SECTIONS OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF TUTANKHAMEN'S PERSONAL WALKING-STICKS, FOUND INSIDE IN HIS SEPULCHRE.



Marqueterie of variegated barks.

OF BURNISHED GOLD": SECTIONS OF ANOTHER OF THE ROYAL STICKS PLACED IN THE TOMB OF KING TUTANKHAMEN OVER 3000 YEARS AGO.



Gold — with an inscription relating to the God Amen.

INSCRIBED "TAKE FOR THYSELF THE WAND OF GOLD THAT THOU MAYEST FOLLOW THY BELOVED FATHER, AMEN": A PLAIN GOLD STICK WITH LAPIS LAZULI TOP.



Iridescent elytra of beetles

Iridescent elytra of beetles.

Carved ivory tip.

OF ONE ADORNED WITH MINUTE MARQUETERIE OF VARIEGATED BARKS, ELYTRA OF BEETLES, GOLD BANDS AND TIPS OF CARVED IVORY.

These remarkable ancient Egyptian walking-sticks from Tutankhamen's tomb were described by its discoverer, Mr. Howard Carter, at a lecture he gave at the New Oxford Theatre, on September 11, for the benefit of the Egypt Exploration Society, which is raising funds for the resumption of very important excavations at Abydos. Stacked in the right and left corners of the outermost shrine in the sepulchre were many sticks and ceremonial staves, bows and maces, some of which were carefully wrapped in linen. Among those of perhaps more personal nature were curved batons, or some sort of sporting stick, elaborately decorated with minute marqueterie of variegated barks, iridescent elytra of beetles, and broad bands of gold with scroll-pattern borders. Another was veneered

with intricate ivory and ebony patterns, divided by bands of floral ornament, and carved hunting devices on solid ivory tips. A simple plain gold stick with lapis lazuli glass top bore the legend, "Take for thyself the wand of gold in order that thou mayest follow thy beloved father, Amen, most beloved of gods." A second specimen incrustated with exquisite glass inlay intermingled with fine gold filigree work, by its inscription was called "The beautiful stick of His Majesty." A third was a plain reed with rich and broad gold and electrum ferrules, which caused wonder as to why such an ordinary and flimsy reed should have been so richly mounted. The legend written upon it gave the solution: "A reed which His Majesty cut with his own hand."



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMONG the keenest sensations that await readers of books are a new work by an established writer, new light on an old author, or the arrival of an unknown genius. This last does not happen every day, or every year, but the other two are comparatively frequent phenomena.

Any time these last thirty years or so the appearance of a new book by H. G. Wells has been a literary event of the hardy annual—sometimes semestral type, and it may long continue to be so, for the spring of his prodigal imagination shows no sign of running dry. His latest novel, "CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER" (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net), develops fresh phases of the Wellsian social philosophy, and explores, in part, psychological ground he has not previously trodden.

The story has two main streams of interest—the borderland between sanity and lunacy, and the outlook of the modern young woman. The double Christian name of the heroine (if such she be) recalls the similar duality of "Ann Veronica," and, truly enough, Christina Alberta is her literary descendant; she stands for the rebel of 1925, as Ann Veronica stood for the rebel of 1909, and a comparison of the two marks the distance that woman has since travelled. But the fact that the title is not "Christina Alberta," but "Christina Alberta's Father," indicates that the honours of "heroism" (in the fictional sense) are divided between the sexes. Mr. Wells, indeed, seems to have been in two minds about naming his book, for in the current issue of "Who's Who" it is announced in advance as "Sargon, King of Kings." Evidently he felt later that the claims of Christina Alberta could not be ignored; and I think he was right, for, however interesting are the delusions of Mr. Albert Edward Preemby, who believed himself to be the reincarnation of an ancient Babylonian monarch, they are hardly so vital to our social future as the ideas of a sane, self-assertive young woman, and Christina Alberta remains the dominant character.

There is another doubtful point about the title, and that is—to which "father" does it refer? For Christina Alberta happened to be blessed with two. Mr. Preemby, who married her mother, and whom she grew up to call "Daddy," turned out (unbeknown to himself) not to have been her actual parent. Mr. Preemby, it should be explained, had in early life married—or, rather, been married by—a forceful young woman who had had an affair with a Cambridge medical student, and eventually became owner of a laundry, which she ruled along with her docile husband. After her death, Mr. Preemby—always a great reader and dreamer—breaks out in strange directions, and another Cambridge undergraduate (why not Oxford, for a change?) at a table-rapping *séance* persuades him that he is Sargon, destined to return as Lord of the Whole World. Conceiving his mission in a spirit of lofty idealism, Mr. Preemby calls disciples, who involve him with the police, and he suffers much in a workhouse observation ward, and later in a lunatic asylum.

This part of the book is a powerful indictment of lunacy administration, recalling that of Bumbledom by Dickens, and, if the facts be as Mr. Wells presents them, points to urgent need of reform. As in "Oliver Twist," however, there is a comic side to the picture. Asylums have not, so far as I know, figured much in fiction before. The only instance I can recollect is Storer Clouston's "Lunatic at Large," and, curiously enough, it was the author of that amusing book who, somewhere about 1896, when we were both amateur adventurers in philanthropy at Toynbee Hall, first recommended to me the stories of H. G. Wells. That was in the days of "The Time Machine," before H. G.'s philosophic phase.

Probably Mr. Wells dug up Sargon (the earlier king of that name) as he did Asoka, during those researches that produced the "Outline of History." He is not concerned, however, so much with archaeological fact as with Mr. Preemby's personal interpretation of Sargon's character and destiny. Sargonism, as thus revealed, provides a certain novelist (who strikes me as a composite portrait of Arnold Bennett, G. K. C., and Mr. Wells himself) with material for propounding a new religion, wherein the individual is merged in racial co-operation. The later chapters develop into a full-dress Wellsian discussion on these lines, arising out of the tale, in which the author has shown all his old mastery of narrative. The last word is with Christina Alberta. She will have none of this socialistic altruism; she interrupts the flow of Wellsian

wisdom with "I do not believe in any of this. . . . I want the world—for myself." Among other things, she wants love, but not marriage, and not children. Is this true of the modern girl? At any rate, in its stark individualism, it seems to mark in the author a power of detachment, suggested also by his allusion elsewhere to "people in some horrible Utopia by Wells."

Another fresh product of a distinguished pen—that of a veteran leader among critics—is "SILHOUETTES," by Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d. net). He describes it modestly as "another selection from the little sermons which I preach every week out of the pulpit of the *Sunday Times*. . . . It skims lightly over a wide surface of criticism and biography, even of autobiography. . . . The little essay on Claudian [he adds] comes first, because an eminent living author, who liked it, desires that it should." I commend the eminent author's choice of this paper, "The Last of the Pagans," partly because anything classical brings back to me "the shady groves of Academe" and all that ever went with cap and gown (concomitants not always of a literary kind), and partly because he champions here a cause I have long had at heart (and once urged in opprobrious rhyme in some dim back number of "The Granta")—that is, the humanising of the "humanities"; the rescue of Greek and Latin literature from the thralldom of grammarians and

1847," when his son Henry issued a "Memoir" of his father. "A complete re-handling of the material . . . is a tribute due to the memory of one who was an intimate friend of Lamb and Coleridge and the greatest Italian scholar of his age." The filial chronicle was too full on the early part of Cary's life, but meagre on the later and more interesting years. Mr. King has supplied the deficiency by a diligent gleaming among the letters and reminiscences of Landor, Lamb, Coleridge, Hood, Clare, Darley, Anna Seward (the "Swan" of Lichfield), and other friends and acquaintances of Cary. The result is a well-balanced, sound, and very interesting record, not only of Cary himself, a poet of vast erudition content to echo the strains of others, but of the literary circle in which he moved.

The story is not without its humour, as witness Landor's lines to Cary "on his appointment to a low office in the British Museum."

Cary, I fear the fruits are scanty  
Thou gatherest from the fields of Dante.

Charles Lamb, not as a rule partial to "the cloth," found in him a kindred spirit, and compared him to "Parson Primrose."

Mr. King produces no definite evidence of Cary's acquaintance with Keats, but thinks that "they must almost certainly have [met] more than once between 1818 and the breakdown of the poet's health in 1820. It is a pity that no record has survived of the conversation. Dante must have been the main topic; but no doubt they also discussed Italian literature in general, to which Keats felt strongly drawn. Perhaps, too, they exchanged opinions concerning the great French poet Ronsard, whose works Keats borrowed from his friend Woodhouse in 1818. . . . 'Endymion,' issued in April 1818, shows already unmistakable signs that the young poet was reading Cary's Dante with close attention."

How many people read Cary's "Dante" nowadays? While pleading negligence, I am surprised to find that in past days I had a nodding acquaintance with it; and I can proudly claim to have paid the author the compliment of buying his book. My copy is inscribed "First-Class Classical Mays, St. John's Coll., Cambridge, 1894," bearing witness to the fact that, on receipt of certain moneys as a reward of diligence, I did expend a portion thereof on Cary's *magnum opus*, enshrining it in elegant leather tooled with the arms of Alma Mater and the Johnian "gridiron." That at least must be counted unto me for righteousness. Glancing through the pages now, I also discover some pencil annotations, one of which suggested a possible origin of Tennyson's line—

For a sorrow's crown of sorrow is  
remembering happier things;

in a passage from the fifth Canto of the "Inferno," which Cary renders—

No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand.

Of Cary's merits as a translator, having no Italian, I cannot speak; but his blank verse, as typified by its fine opening—

In the midway of this our mortal life—

would not have disgraced the author of "Paradise Lost." Ruskin, indeed, in an expansive moment, once pronounced Cary superior to Milton.

In conclusion, I must mention briefly other notable publications. "THE SCOURGE OF VILLANIE," by John Marston (John Lane; 3s. net) is one of the latest additions to the admirable series of Elizabethan reprints known as the Bodley Head Quartos. "UNEMPLOYMENT: ITS CAUSES AND CURE," by Julius L. F. Vogel. With a Foreword by Sir Arthur Balfour (Chapman and Hall; 5s. net), is a highly opportune study of economic and industrial conditions. In current topographical literature Messrs. Methuen's series of "LITTLE GUIDES" holds a deservedly popular place. These dainty little volumes are produced on the principle of "infinite riches in a little room," and can be easily carried in the pocket. Their trustworthiness and readable quality are bespoken by the names of the authors, while they are abundantly illustrated with photographs and drawings. The two latest additions to the series are "THE ISLE OF MAN," by William Radcliffe, with a Preface by Sir Hall Caine; and "GRAY'S INN AND LINCOLN'S INN," by Hugh H. L. Bellot, M.A., D.C.L. (Methuen; 6s. net each). They are excellent of their kind.

C. E. B.



RESCUED AFTER HAVING BEEN MISSING TEN DAYS AND GIVEN UP AS LOST: THE U.S. FLYING-BOAT "P.N.9," WHICH CAME DOWN DURING AN ATTEMPTED TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU.

There were great rejoicings throughout the United States when the news came, on September 10, that the U.S. Flying-Boat "P.N.9" had been discovered, by the U.S. Submarine "R.4," floating on the sea some fifteen miles from one of the northern Hawaiian islands, after having been missing for ten days and given up for lost. The "P.N.9" had left San Francisco for a non-stop flight to Honolulu, and sent S.O.S. wireless messages that she had been forced to descend through petrol shortage. Her crew—Commander John Rodgers and four men—were found safe and well, though exhausted.

Photograph by Topical.

"exams." Sir Edmund wrestles manfully with an editor of this "dry-as-dust" type.

It must not be supposed that the "Silhouettes" are all of classical writers. His range is wide, and the variety of these forty-odd "essays and reviews" is indicated by such names as Lyly, Camoens, Wycherley, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, W. D. Howells, Lafcadio Hearn, Louis Couperus, Vauban, and Théodore de Banville. Sir Edmund writes with humour and ripe judgment and fullness of knowledge. He does not potter over finicky points of language, and never fails to stimulate interest in the personal side of his subject. A good example is the paper on "Cary's Early French Poets," which he describes as a "chain of little prose chapters of biographical criticism, starred with graceful translations." Cary himself is rapidly sketched in as "a mild, shy, impecunious, and almost painfully domestic clergyman," but we are made to realise his importance as a pioneer (even to Frenchmen) in his admiration of early French poets, for he praised them in 1821, when they were either abused or ignored by his contemporaries. There was, however, one famous exception. "Keats gave several indications . . . of an interest in Ronsard. Keats was certainly an admirer and perhaps a friend of Cary. Is there here a link which has escaped his biographers?"

As though in answer to Sir Edmund's call, comes "THE TRANSLATOR OF DANTE: THE LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDSHIPS OF HENRY FRANCIS CARY (1772-1844)." By R. W. King (Secker; 21s. net). "This book," says its author, "is the first serious attempt at a biography of Cary since



# SPAIN'S "ANZAC": THE SPANISH LANDING AT ALHUCEMAS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," CENTRAL PRESS, AND KEYSTONE.



THE SPANISH LANDING IN ALHUCEMAS BAY: THE PRELIMINARY BOMBARDMENT OF THE MOORISH COAST BY THE FLEET AND AIRCRAFT—SHOWING SMOKE FROM BURSTING SHELLS (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



RECENTLY BOMBED BY SPANISH AEROPLANES: MOORISH ARTILLERY IN THE HILLS AT ALHUCEMAS.



A BARGE FULL OF SOLDIERS COMING ASHORE IN CEBADILLA BAY, AN INLET OF THE BAY OF ALHUCEMAS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE LANDING OPERATIONS.



WATCHING THE OPERATIONS FROM THE SPANISH BATTLE-SHIP "ALFONSO XIII.," WHICH WAS STRUCK BY A SHELL: THE MARQUIS DE ESTELLA (ON RIGHT), THE SPANISH LEADER.



THE SCENE OF THE SPANISH LANDING AS OBSERVED FROM AN AEROPLANE: AN AIR-VIEW OF ALHUCEMAS BAY, SHOWING THE COAST, AND THE ROAD TO THE INTERIOR.



SPANISH TROOPS DISEMBARKING STORES ON THE BEACH IN CEBADILLA BAY: A TYPICAL INCIDENT OF THE RECENT LANDING OPERATIONS.

The war in Morocco recently entered on an important, and perhaps decisive, new phase both in the French and Spanish sections. On September 8 the Spaniards effected a landing in Cebadilla Bay, an inlet of the Bay of Alhucemas, near Abdel Krim's headquarters at Ajdir. The operations began with a heavy naval bombardment of the coast and the Rifi gun positions, by a force including 32 Spanish and 18 French war-ships, aided by 70 aeroplanes. Three lighters were then run ashore, disembarking infantry and three light tanks, and, as this force scaled the heights of the Morro Nuevo peninsula, further detachments of all arms

were landed from fourteen other lighters. Material was then sent ashore for fortifying the positions occupied, and Spanish guns were installed on the heights. It was stated that the Spanish force numbered 12,000, and that on the 11th a further landing had been made at Melilla. Meanwhile the French had begun a great offensive, and a message of September 13 said that the successful advance over a front of thirty-six miles, after an intense artillery bombardment, had brought the army to the line of the original posts which it had been necessary to evacuate earlier in the campaign.



# EAST AND WEST.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

ARE we about to witness a Renaissance of Eastern influence upon Europe? Is the West, which until yesterday was so proud of its science, its riches, and its strength, about to become once more the humble disciple of the old school in which so many centuries ago it learnt the first principles of wisdom?

Books on Asiatic countries multiply in Europe and in America, even as the number of travellers who visit the Far East increases. A whole post-war school in Germany preaches the return to the "wisdom" of the East, as the last hope of the West, whose vital organs are affected. In the Anglo-Saxon world movements of a religious character and of more or less direct Indian origin, such as theosophy, enjoy a great success, at least as regards the number of their adherents and the noise made at their public meetings. Tagore and Gandhi are two personages who increasingly attract the attention of the pacifist and cosmopolitan centres of Europe. When Tagore came to Italy last spring he aroused so much curiosity that the Fascist Government took fright, and found means abruptly to interrupt his journey at its first stage in Milan.

The great enquiry recently published in France by the *Cahiers du Mois*,\* under the title "The Call of the East," proves how deeply the intellectual circles in France are interested in this question. Writers, artists, philosophers, travellers, and Orientalists have answered the question, whether they believed in the possibility of that influence and whether they considered it useful or harmful. Their replies, which are nearly all long and very carefully worked out, make up a volume which constitutes a document of the deepest interest, by reason of the variety of its subjects, the wealth of observation displayed, and the ingeniousness of its arguments. But the conclusions of so many competent judges are very contradictory, a sure sign that the question is a complex and obscure one. Let us try to throw a little light upon it.

"The East" is a vague and indefinite term. Would it not be more exact to say "Asia, including Egypt"? Asia, Egypt included, has exercised so characteristic an influence on Europe and the whole Western world that the mere substitution of that name for the other, which is too vague, is sufficient to shed light on one side of the problem. There is no doubt that at certain moments Asia exercised artistic, philosophical, scientific, commercial, industrial and agricultural influences on the history of Europe. Under the Roman Empire, for example, what we might call scientific medicine had its most flourishing schools in Asia. Peaches, cherries, probably also grapes and wine, mulberry trees, silk-worms and oranges came from Asia, as did also the coffee and cotton which Brazil and the United States cultivate so profitably to-day. Asia furnished the West, which was reviving after the Germanic invasions, with the model of many industries. Even in recent centuries she has taught her the marvels of ceramic art.

Examples might be multiplied. A Chinese writer whom I have already quoted in these articles, Ku-Hung-Ming, maintains even that the present rationalism of Europe is of Chinese origin. The Europeans, he says, gained their first idea of a society founded on rationalistic principles, instead of on religious ones, by visiting China in the seventeenth century. He considers that China contributed much to the general unbelief of the superior classes which during the eighteenth century prepared the way for the French Revolution.

For Asia, however, all these influences procured only transitory and precarious superiority. If there were periods when science and the models of art and of practical life came from Asia to Europe, there were also times when they went from Europe to Asia. For a century past it is we who have been masters of Asia, at least in what concerns science and industry; and it is impossible that on these points the relations should be overthrown from one day to another.

With matters of religion it is otherwise: Asia is the cradle of God, the library of sacred books, the theological mother of the whole earth, the home of the great cosmological religions—Judaism, Mazdeism, Brahminism—and of the great ethical and social religions which developed from the cosmological religions—Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam. It is the continent which taught all the races of the earth to lift up their eyes towards heaven. In religion, Asia has invariably given—to the whole world, without ever receiving anything in return.

To ask whether Asia is destined to exercise an influence over the West in the near future means to ask one-

be converted to Islam, Buddhism, or Confucianism? That they should join the disciples of Tagore or Gandhi with the same fervour with which the first Christians followed the Apostles?

Such a forecast would rightly make us smile. We must not mistake for religious aspirations what is purely literary curiosity. Europe and America have become insatiable consumers of books. This hunger for printed paper is capricious. It requires an infinite variety of food and sometimes fancies rare and exotic dishes. Books on the East and its religions are one of those exotic dishes, nothing more.

There was a moment after the war when mystical books were the fashion in Europe as in America. Lives of the Saints were sold as much, and sometimes even more than, sensual novels. Certain hurried observers at once saw in the taste for such reading signs of a renaissance of the spirit of religion. They deceived themselves, as the Fascist Government was deceived when they were horrified by the Tagoreism of the Milanese, which was also purely literary. The West reads all kinds of books, and lives as

if it read nothing. The multiplicity of books read annuls the effect. A book only acts upon the minds of men if it stands alone, as the Bible did for so many centuries. There was never a time when more books were written and published than in the present day, and yet the effect of books upon the spirit of the age was never less great. We are led by the brute force of facts and necessities, not by the subtle attraction of ideas.

Asia has also been taxed to satisfy this enormous book consumption. Many Europeans and Americans admire the mystical books of the Hindoos, or the Confucian wisdom; but once they have closed the book they take no account of what they have read, and it has no effect upon their lives.

We must not assume, however, that because this literary curiosity and platonic admiration of Oriental things is sterile it is merely an intellectual pastime. We admire Asia, although her wisdom cannot to-day, at all events, teach us anything, for the same reason which causes Americans to visit Europe in such great numbers—because we feel the need of recovering, admiring, and saving the remains of the old qualitative civilisations which we daily so pitilessly

destroy in order to increase our riches and our power.

It is the tragedy of the modern world; we cannot sufficiently repeat it. The old qualitative civilisations, which set up perfection and not power as their aim, are our lost Paradise, into which we can never enter again, but which the fabulous riches amassed during the last century cannot succeed in making us forget. Everything which reminds us of it becomes sacred to us; including Asia, where the vestiges of those old civilisations are yet more numerous than in Europe. If the material remains of that vanished past, such as buildings and works of art, are less varied and less well preserved in Asia than in Europe, one still finds in Asia what one hardly ever now finds in Europe: living remains of that great past; manners, traditions, methods of education and virtues.

In Asia the Westerners seek, therefore, less their future than their past; a past from which they cannot detach themselves, just because they are obliged to destroy it every day. The man who in that great enquiry of the *Cahiers du Mois* seems to have best understood this truth, without which it is impossible to-day to understand Europe and America, is Count Keyserling, the German philosopher, well known for his often profound criticisms of modern civilisation. "When the Europeans of to-day," he writes, "oppose the East to the West, it is not really the ideal of the East and the ideal of the West which they have in view, but the classic ideal and the mediæval ideal which they think they are opposing to the modern ideal; that is to say, the ideal of perfection to the ideal of progress."

[Continued on page 546.]



THE FINISH OF THE ST. LEGER: SOLARIO (J. CHILDS UP) WINNING BY THREE LENGTHS FROM ZAMBO (B. CARSLAKE UP), WITH WARDEN OF THE MARCHES (W. WELLS UP) THIRD (EXTREME LEFT).

The St. Leger, run at Doncaster on September 9, was won by Sir John Rutherford's colt Solario, by three lengths from the Aga Khan's Zambo. The same distance divided Zambo from Lord Lonsdale's Warden of the Marches, which came in third.

Photograph by I.B.

self whether the West is again on the point of receiving one of those great religious revelations, the mysterious power of which Asia has periodically rediscovered. To solve the question thus raised, it suffices to throw a rapid glance on the religious state of Asia and Europe.

What religions are to-day dominant in Asia? Mohammedanism, which holds all the Near East, and a part of Anglo-India, and which has lately penetrated to Japan; Buddhism, which is widespread over India and China; Confucianism, if one can call a religion that school of practical good sense and reason, the teaching of which has been transmitted by tradition as a sacred legacy for so many centuries in a part of China.

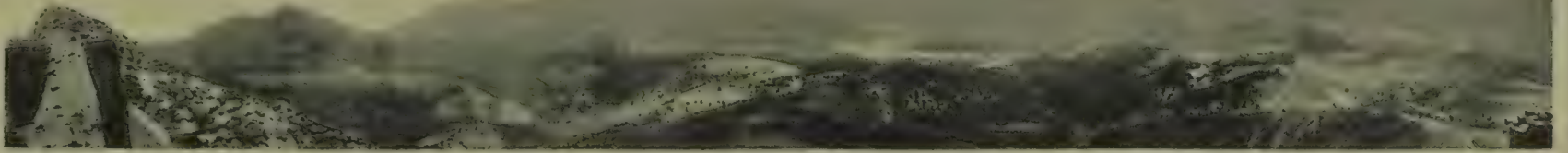
One must add to these great universal religions a few national cults, such as Shintoism, and certain movements which are at the same time philosophical, religious, and political, born in India from contact with Western culture, Catholic, Protestant, or Orthodox. Europe, on the contrary, is entirely Christian, excepting some small groups of Jews and Mussulmans. But if Europe be Christian it is not everywhere with equal intensity. In the Catholic centres, as in the dissenting ones, fervent faith is no longer found, except among small minorities; and by the side of these minorities there are everywhere a great number of lukewarm believers and a considerable number of free-thinkers.

Is it to be believed that in all European countries these free-thinkers, these lukewarm Christians, or the zealous Christians should allow themselves to be moved in the near future by the "Call of the East"? That they should



# THE SIMULTANEOUS FRENCH AND SPANISH ATTACKS IN MOROCCO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



TAKEN DURING THE BATTLE IN WHICH THE FRENCH STORMED HILL 632 (LEFT BACKGROUND), WHERE THE RIFFS MADE A DESPERATE DEFENCE: A COMPOSITE PANORAMA OF THE FRENCH WAR ZONE IN MOROCCO, FROM AN ELEVENTH-CENTURY CASTLE (LEFT FOREGROUND) ON JEBEL AMERGOU, SHOWING THE RIVER WERGHA (RIGHT CENTRE BACKGROUND) AND AIN BOU AISSA (FURTHER TO LEFT.)



THE SPANISH LANDING AT CEBADILLA: BOMBARDING THE ENEMY FROM BEN-KARRICH DURING THE ATTACK ON THE HEIGHT OF BENI-HOSMAR.



AN INCIDENT OF THE SPANISH LANDING: A PHOTOGRAPH ENTITLED "REGULAR FORCES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE CEBADILLA BEACH ARRANGING AN AMBUSH."



SPANISH GUNS IN ACTION AFTER THE LANDING: GENERAL SOUSA'S ARTILLERY ENGAGING THE ENEMY ON THE HEIGHT OF GORGUES DURING THE ATTACK ON BENI-HOSMAR.



WHERE THE SPANISH TROOPS HAD EXPERIENCES RECALLING THOSE OF THE AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS IN GALLIPOLI: SOME OF THE 12,000 SPANIARDS LANDING AT CEBADILLA, IN ALHUCEMAS BAY, AND ADVANCING WITH A VIEW TO AN ATTACK ON ABDEL KRIM'S HEADQUARTERS AT AJDIR.

The Spanish landing at Cebadilla, in Alhucemas Bay, on September 12, coincided with an advance of the French Army on the Wergha front, and with another successful operation by the Spaniards against the Jabala tribe near Tetuan. The French advance, which was regarded as a preliminary to a larger offensive, restored the barrier against any possible movement by Abdel Krim towards Fez from the north. Describing the Spanish landing, on the authority of an eye-witness, the "Times" said: "The disembarkation was a complete success. Although many of the units had been cooped up on the lighters for nearly forty-eight hours, they

went ashore with the greatest zest. The thirteen tanks were run ashore under their own power over gangways. . . . The position at Cebadilla on September 12 was that some 12,000 men had landed. . . . The outposts are established on sandhills, enclosing a position of less than two miles along the coast westwards from the western arm of Alhucemas Bay, and about a mile in depth. The only tents are those of the field hospitals, which have been fired upon and hit by the Moors. . . . The troops are working hard in the construction of covered ways from one outpost to another, as the snipers are deadly."



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNATT, P. AND A., C.N., AITKEN, AND RUSSELL. THAT OF MR. CUTLER BY COURTESY OF MR. L. S. B. LEAKEY.



THE PARSEE COMMUNIST FROM WHOM THREE M.P.'S DISSOCIATED THEMSELVES: MR. SAKLATVALA, M.P., WITH HIS ENGLISH WIFE.



THE UNPOPULAR FRENCH GOVERNOR OF JEBEL DRUSE: CAPTAIN CARBILLET.



A VEILED INDIAN RULING PRINCESS COMING TO ENGLAND: THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KENYA AND HIS WIFE, DELAYED BY THEIR BABY'S ILLNESS: SIR EDWARD AND LADY GRIGG.



A GREAT AUTHORITY ON CHINA: THE LATE SIR JOHN JORDAN, FORMERLY BRITISH MINISTER AT PEKING.



A GREAT LOSS TO THE BRITISH "DINOSAUR" EXPEDITION IN EAST AFRICA: THE LATE MR. W. E. CUTLER, FEEDING A BABY BABOON.



BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF BEVERLEY FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS: THE LATE DR. R. J. CROSTHWAITE.



MINERS' DELEGATES AT THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS: (L. TO R.) MR. A. J. COOK (SEC., MINERS FEDERATION), MISS NANCY ADAMS, MR. HERBERT SMITH (PRESIDENT), MRS. SMITH, AND MR. T. RICHARDS (VICE-PRESIDENT).



A LABOUR M.P. AND HIS RUSSIAN FRIENDS AT THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS: (L. TO R.) M. YAROTSKY, MR. R. SMILLIE, M.P., M. TOMSKY (PRESIDENT, ALL-RUSSIAN COUNCIL OF TRADE UNIONS), AND M. DOGADOR.

Mr. Shapurji Saklatvala, M.P. (Labour) for North Battersea, married Miss Sehri Marsh, daughter of Mr. Henry Marsh, of Tansley, Derbyshire. Owing to Mr. Saklatvala's Communistic utterances, three M.P.s (Col. H. C. Woodcock, Capt. Peter Macdonald, and Sir Robert Bird) refused to be included with him in the British delegation to the Inter-Parliamentary Union Conference at Washington and Ottawa.—Captain Carbillet's administration as French Military Governor of the Jebel Druse caused much discontent among the Druses.—The Begum of Bhopal, the only woman ruler in India, is reported to be coming to England to secure the succession of her surviving son.—The departure of Sir Edward and Lady Grigg for Kenya, of which Sir Edward is the new Governor, was delayed

by the sudden illness of their baby son. Lady Grigg (formerly the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder) is the daughter of Lord and Lady Islington.—Sir John Jordan died suddenly on September 14 at a committee meeting of the China Association. He entered the Chinese branch of the Consular service in 1876, and was British Minister at Peking from 1906 to 1920.—Mr. W. E. Cutler was in charge of the British Museum East African Expedition in search of dinosaur remains at Tendaguru, in Tanganyika Territory.—Dr. Crosthwaite was Suffragan Bishop of Beverley from 1889 to 1923.—At the closing session of the Trades Union Congress at Scarborough, on September 12, a resolution condemning Imperialism was carried by a large majority.



## REMARKABLE WEMBLEY SCENES: A PIGEON "DERBY"; THE TATTOO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, AND CAMPBELL-GRAY.



AN IMMENSE FLIGHT OF HOMING PIGEONS: THE START OF THE WELSH PIGEON "DERBY"—TEN THOUSAND BIRDS RELEASED IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY CIRCLING ROUND BEFORE COMMENCING THEIR HOMEWARD JOURNEY TO WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.



RECENTLY WITNESSED BY THE ARMY COUNCIL WITH A VIEW TO ITS EXTENSION: THE GREAT TATTOO AT WEMBLEY—A MOMENT IN THE IMPRESSIVE FINAL SCENE IN THE STADIUM, "SOLDIERS OF THE KING," WITH LIGHTS SHINING ON THE CROSSES GROUPED IN THE FORM OF CALVARIES.

The great Tattoo given in the Stadium at Wembley by the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force has been acknowledged as the finest spectacle of its kind ever produced. Every night the Stadium has been packed with some 50,000 spectators, while thousands more, anxious to enter, have had to be excluded. The great success of the Tattoo, and its inspiring effect on feelings of patriotism, led to a popular demand for its extension beyond September 26, the closing date originally arranged. The members of the Army Council—Sir Laming

Worthington Evans, Secretary for War, Lord Cavan, Sir Robert Whigham, Sir Walter Chapple, and Sir Noel Birch—arranged to witness the performance from the Royal Box, on September 15, and their visit was regarded as an indication that official sanction might be given for its continuance.—Another interesting sight was seen in the Stadium on September 12, at the start of the Welsh "Pigeon Derby," when some 10,000 homing pigeons, which had been brought from all parts of Wales and Monmouthshire, were released for a homeward race.



# WHEN BRITAIN WAS A ROMAN PROVINCE: A CAREFUL RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON DISCOVERIES AT WROXETER.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPERT. (SEE ALSO OTHER DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS NUMBER.)



WITH ITS COLONNADED FORUM, BATHS, AND BASILICA, AND TYPICAL STREET TRAFFIC, INCLUDING A ROMAN LADY IN A LITTER: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF VIROCONIUM, THE FOURTH LARGEST ROMAN TOWN IN BRITAIN, AS IT APPEARED IN HADRIAN'S TIME SOME 1800 YEARS AGO.

The new excavations at Wroxeter, in Shropshire, on the site of the Roman Viroconium (or Uriconium), described by Mr. F. B. Andrews in his article on page 520, have provided Mr. Forestier with the basis of this interesting reconstruction drawing of the Forum and adjacent buildings, with typical inhabitants in the streets, during the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, who built the Roman Wall. Viroconium occupied some 170 acres, and it stood fourth largest of the Roman towns in Great Britain. Viroconium, as it is called in Ptolemy's Geography (it is also known as Uriconium) began as a Roman camp about 50 A.D., and the civil settlement developed some 17 years later. The place was originally the headquarters of a British tribe called by the Romans Cornovii, and was

situated on high ground near the Severn, at a point where Watling Street and other Roman roads intersected. The remains of a bridge and a ford have been found, as well as Roman baths and a civil basilica that contained law courts and an exchange. According to the late Mr. Thomas Wright, an authority on its history, the city was finally destroyed by British tribes about 420 A.D. Some grim relics of the disaster were found in the hypocausts of the baths, in the shape of skeletons of men, women, and children who had taken refuge there and perished when the building was burnt. The numerous coins found cover nearly the whole four centuries of the Roman occupation, from Claudius (A.D. 41) to Theodosius (A.D. 388).—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND TOPICAL



AN EGG-LAYING DINOSAUR: PRO-  
TOCERATOPS—THE PLASTER CAST  
OF A SKULL FROM MONGOLIA.



THE PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE EGG-LAYING DINOSAURS OF  
MONGOLIA: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF PROTOCERATOPS IN LIFE.



GIVEN TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM  
BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM: THE  
PROTOCERATOPS SKULL CAST.



A FRENCH AEROPLANE DISASTER: THE MACHINE THAT CRASHED IN THE BLACK  
FOREST DURING AN ATTEMPTED NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM PARIS TO KARACHI.



KILLED IN THE BLACK FOREST CRASH: M. THIERRY (RIGHT), WITH  
M. COSTE, WHO WAS SEVERELY INJURED.



A "DREADNOUGHT" OF THE UNDER SEAS, WITH HER TALL SIDES AND CONNING-TOWER AND BIG GUN-TURRETS: THE NEW GIANT BRITISH SUBMARINE, "X1."  
(WHOSE SURFACE DISPLACEMENT IS 3000 TONS, AND UNDER-WATER 3500 TONS) LEAVING CHATHAM ON SEPTEMBER 12.



SHOWING DETAIL OF THE GUN-TURRETS AND THE GREAT  
SIZE OF THE SHIP (AS COMPARED WITH THE MEN): A SECTION  
AMIDSHIPS OF THE NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE "X1."



TRANSFERRED UNDER THE ADMIRALTY'S SCHEME TO CLOSE THE ROSYTH AND PEMBROKE  
DOCKYARDS: A GREAT FLOATING DOCK ARRIVING AT DEVONPORT.

A plaster reproduction of a skull of Protoceratops, one of the egg-laying dinosaurs, recently discovered in Mongolia by the American expedition under Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, has just been presented by the American Museum of Natural History (New York) to the Geological Department of the British Museum. The skull is that of a nearly full-grown animal, and measures 21 in. long, 16½ in. high, and 18½ in. wide. It has been placed on view in the gallery of fossil reptiles at South Kensington.—In connection with the Admiralty's scheme to close the

Dockyards at Pembroke and Rosyth, and transfer repair work to Devonport, there lately arrived at the latter port a huge floating dock that can hold any British warship except H.M.S. "Hood."—A French all-metal Breguet biplane left the Villersauvage aerodrome, near Etampes, on September 13, for an attempted non-stop flight of 3200 miles to Bandar-Abbas, on the Persian Gulf, or even to Karachi, in India. It crashed in the Black Forest. One pilot, M. Thierry, was killed, and the other, M. Coste, was severely injured and taken to hospital at Freiburg.



## PERILS OF MOTOR TRAFFIC: A PROBLEM IN AMERICA AS HERE.

BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN." PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROWN BROS., NEW YORK. DIAGRAMS BY ARTHUR T. MERRICK.



"A GOODLY PERCENTAGE OF DEATHS ATTRIBUTED TO THE MOTOR-CAR HAVE BEEN OCCASIONED WHEN THE DRIVER ENDEAVOURS TO DISPUTE THE RIGHT OF WAY WITH A RAILWAY TRAIN": A LEVEL CROSSING DISASTER IN THE UNITED STATES—A TYPE OF ACCIDENT NOT USUAL IN THIS COUNTRY.

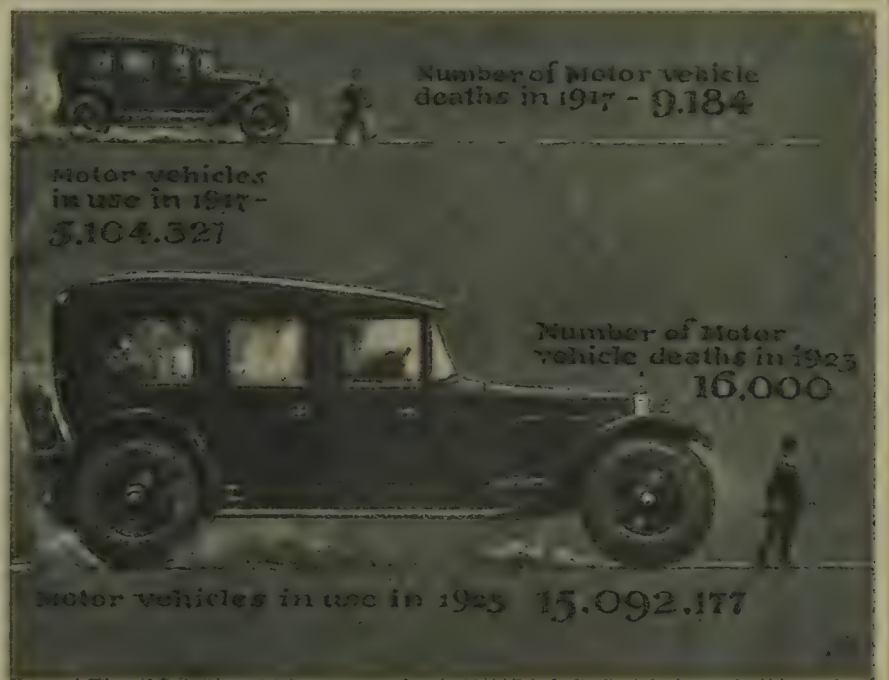


A DRAMATIC OBJECT-LESSON FOR AMERICAN MOTORISTS AT A RAILWAY LEVEL CROSSING: A WRECKED CAR ON A PILLAR.



"TWENTY-TWO PERSONS KILLED FOR EACH ROUND OF THE CLOCK": A DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE AVERAGE OF 22 FATAL ACCIDENTS FOR EACH TWELVE-HOUR PERIOD THROUGHOUT A YEAR (1923) IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN a recent article on the perils of road traffic in the United States, the "Scientific American" for March 1925 says: "Of course, the total number of accidents has increased year by year, but not in the same proportion as the increase in the number of automobiles in use. For example, during the past six years, the number of highway accidents due to the motor vehicle has increased 80 per cent.; but in that same period the number of automobiles in use has grown from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000, or an increase of 250 per cent. This means that the deaths per thousand automobiles in use has been reduced from 1.9 in 1917, to 1.06 in 1923. Or, to put it another way, six years ago there was one death occasioned by every 525 automobiles, as against the one death at present for nearly each thousand in use. . . . Stringent measures must be taken to protect the automobilists and the pedestrians."



MANY MORE ACTUAL DEATHS, BUT A SMALLER RATIO TO THE NUMBER OF CARS: COMPARATIVE INCREASES IN AMERICAN FATALITIES AND CARS DURING SIX YEARS.



WHERE THE "JAY WALKER" (CARELESS PEDESTRIAN) STILL NECESSITATES POLICE CONTROL, DESPITE SIGNAL TOWERS: A CORNER IN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



A GRIM WARNING OF DEATH ROUND THE CORNER: A SKULL ON A SIGNBOARD AT A DANGEROUS CURVE ON AN AMERICAN MOUNTAIN ROAD.

In this country, as in America, the toll of lives exacted by the motor-car increases alarmingly, though it is only fair to admit that the motorist is not always to blame, and that many careless pedestrians bring disaster on themselves or others. To take some actual statistics—the Report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis for 1924 shows that in London 492 pedestrians were killed in 1922, 485 in 1923, and 590 in 1924. The numbers of occupants of vehicles (of all kinds) killed in the same years were respectively 68, 64, and 63, and the numbers of cyclists 113, 116, and 184. The total (including a few unclassified) shows an increase of 176 fatalities on the figures for 1923. The total number of people

killed in London street accidents in 1924 was 844. Of this total 747 were due to mechanically propelled vehicles, classified as follows—omnibuses, 154; trams, 27; cabs, 26; private cars, 211; motor-cycles, 66; and commercial cars, 263. An official return for the whole of Great Britain gives the number of fatal road accidents in 1924 as—England and Wales, 3269; Scotland, 362; total for Great Britain, 3631. The total for Great Britain in the previous year was 2979. The fatalities in England and Wales in 1924 are classified as due to—Horse-drawn vehicles, 212; omnibuses and motor-coaches, 413; trams and trackless trolley vehicles, 89; other vehicles, 2839; pedal cycles, 218.



# Man: "An Island Surrounded by Germs"—The Defences

"THE CONQUEST OF DISEASE." By DAVID MASTERS.\*

HIDDEN at the end of a newspaper column on a page devoted to sport, there was printed a few days ago a note saying: "Thirty-nine cases of smallpox were reported last month at Clay Cross, Derbyshire, and at a meeting of the local Urban District Council the Medical Officer of Health stated the epidemic was steadily increasing owing to the difficulty of tracing contacts and of persuading them to be vaccinated." Thus ignorance persists; for, if anything can be taken as proven, it is that periodic vaccination gives immunity from that dread scourge which in Jenner's time so lashed the land that "it was reckoned that of one hundred persons who died, ten died of smallpox." It can be written, indeed: "So usual was it for people's faces to be disfigured

convinced that the blood ebbed and flowed up and down the same veins or channels. The arteries, they thought, contained air or spirits, and it was commonly suggested that a certain vapour and blood made their way up and down the blood vessels in the same way as a lift makes its way up and down a lift well."

Jenner, following up the observation that the dairy maid or the farm hand who had contracted cowpox escaped smallpox, invented vaccination, only to see his preventive scoffed at by practitioners, although hailed by the people.

Davy, more generally associated with the miner's lamp that bears his name, realised the power of "laughing-gas" in 1800, and urged its employment. Little notice was taken, and it was not until forty-four years later that Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, Connecticut, tried the nitrous-oxide gas in dentistry.

Simpson sought "the deep sleep spoken of by the ancients." Vowed to sweep away the operation without anaesthesia, and, especially, to lessen the pangs of childbirth, he tested and re-tested, with himself as subject. At every inhalation of a fresh mixture, he risked death. Then was the eventful night. He had received a tiny bottle of liquid from the French professor, Dumas; and, in company with the equally plucky Drs. Duncan and Keith, he breathed in—chloroform! All three were "under the mahogany in a trice"—the butler judged them drunk!—but they came round. Immediately, there was an outcry. "The mass attack was made on purely religious grounds. To bring children into the world without pain was . . . flying in the face of Providence. It was wrong," argued the doctors, "and many of them seemed to regard it as an invention of the devil. They stated that God said man should be born in pain, and it was wicked to mitigate this curse which had been placed on humanity by the Almighty."

Pasteur was luckier. Before him, "nobody knew anything about germs. Those invisible forms of life were to all intents and purposes non-existent." He saved the wines of France by realising that fermentation is caused by countless living organisms, and the growers rejoiced—while rivals derided. He rescued the very valuable silkworm industry from the blight that was its bane. He detected the reason for the spread of anthrax and inoculated against the destroyer—and was contemptuously dubbed "chemist." "Find the germ," he preached. His needle and virus vanquished hydrophobia—whose germ, by the way, remains a mystery—and, wonderfully enough, he was laurelled as a victor. Yet, all his life he was assailed, although "to science he opened the door of a new world, and he taught the fighter of disease that in the germ we have alike the cause of illness and its cure."

Then Lister, the deviser of that antiseptic which Pasteur pointed—Lister, who taught cleanliness in the wards, despite the swelling murmurs as to the cost of soap, and ended "hospital gangrene" by liberal use of carbolic acid, whose value he had found by considering the deodorising of Carlisle's sewage—to be laughed at by many, and, notably, by Simpson, who should have known better, but was evidently biased by the popularity of Lister's absorbent gut, which was ousting his own patent "needle" method of holding together the severed ends of blood-vessels. Lister, to whom the body was "an island surrounded by germs."

But enough of jealousy and derision. Think of the heroism, the prescience, the precision, and the patience of those who have taken arms against the sea of troubles. Malaria, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, elephantiasis, bubonic plague, diphtheria, scarlet fever, cholera, leprosy, tetanus, trench fever—to say nothing of the surgeon's greatest friend, the X-rays—all have their martyrs: there is, indeed, no inflection that has not brought out the best in man.

And what amazing changes have been wrought in a few decades! Surgery has been made "safe," and its exponents have an expertness almost miraculous. The dose of medicine is less and less an experiment, despite the vagaries of the individual frame. The ductless glands are surrendering their secrets. Inoculation, preventive and curative, has come into its own. The healing power of the sun is asked and given.

As to carriers, search has been without cessation, and the microscope, ever increasing its magnification, and in harness with photography, has been a very book of revelations.

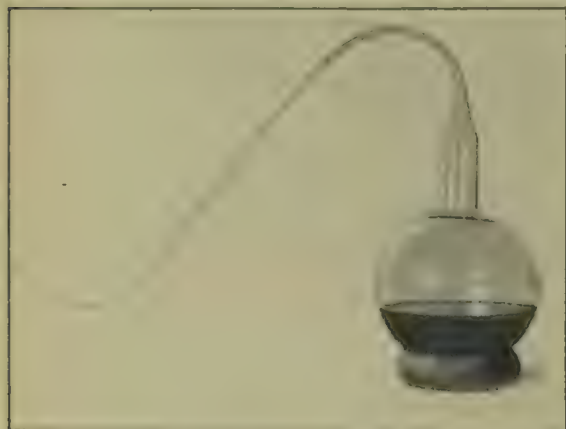
The insects of the air rank amongst the chief slayers of men, for they not only bear diseases with them, but, having sucked the deadly matter from

one blood-stream, bite entry for it into another. And, of them all, the mosquito is First Murderer. Rats, too are agents to be destroyed on sight; and mice, flies, fleas, the body louse, and ticks—to name an important minority.

Inoculation may ward off, relieve, or cure; but prevention is the better way. Hence the pursuit of causes, and determined warfare against the harbourers of ills. But for the knowledge, born of laborious days and nights and the constant working of keen, trained brains, of minds akin to Hunter's, "like a beehive, always busy," this earth of ours would be vastly different. Certainly, many a plague would be rife from time to time; certainly, many an area now deemed vital would have remained unexplored, unexploited, and untitled; certainly, many a fine enterprise would have failed—the Panama Canal would not exist had not "Yellow Jack" been defeated by the extermination of the stegomyia mosquito, whose females spread the disease from the fever-stricken to the healthy labourer, as Manson and Ronald Ross well understood.

On occasion, what curious prevention! In 1920 there was an epidemic of yellow fever in Peru. "The authorities made a wholesale distribution of small fish, which were turned loose in every water-tank, pond, and lake in the infected areas. Many people might object to minnows being thus turned loose in their drinking water, but it was better to have three minnows in the water-tank than yellow fever in the house. In six months—by July—yellow fever was completely stamped out. Not a single case existed on the Pacific coast. And to do this, a force of 750,000 fish operated in the danger zones, and spent their days eating the eggs of the mosquito."

Yet not more curious than such prevention is the romance of research which has stayed so many of the ills that flesh is heir to. There is no space here to deal with the stories of the silent battles against the invisible hordes of our parasitic enemies; the germs carried and their hosts; the strange life-cycles of our minute, malignant foes; the insertion of the microbes into the human blood-stream; infection, inoculation, and immunisation; the ingenious linking-up and the establishing of guilt. That is Mr. Masters's province, and exceedingly well he looks after it. Nothing could be more engrossing than his book, nothing more reassuring, for he not only tells, in



HOW PASTEUR DISPROVED SPONTANEOUS GENERATION: LIQUID KEPT FOR YEARS IN A FLASK WITH A "SWAN" NECK THAT PREVENTED THE ENTRY OF GERMS.

"The little flask enabled Pasteur to prove a great scientific fact—that life is not generated spontaneously, as was at one time supposed. By drawing out the neck of the flask into a swan-neck curve, Pasteur prevented germ-laden specks of dust from reaching the liquid, and thus kept the latter free from germ life for years, although the air had free entry."

Illustrations from "The Conquest of Disease," by David Masters.  
By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane.

by the disease, that, if a fugitive from justice happened to be free of the marks, this fact was eagerly seized on by the authorities and announced far and wide. 'Free from pock-marks,' the description would read, and the Bow Street runners would regard their man as as good as caught."

Refusal of recognition is, perhaps, not as astonishing as it seems. The potential patient has ever been chary of the doctor; and the average doctor has usually been scared by anything new. In the one case it is a matter of putting off the evil hour, in the Micawber-like hope that something will turn up to make things right themselves; in the other it is an innate conservatism, or, possibly, a cautious, safety-first desire to let the test-by-trial be endured by others' cases.

However that may be, it is true that the pioneer has almost always lived in a Heartbreak House before his beliefs have been credited and adopted. Mr. Masters goes so far as to assert that insulin, the cure for diabetes, is "practically the first great discovery in medicine that has silenced all scepticism and been immediately accepted by the medical profession."

Review some instances. Galen, the supreme anatomist of his period, doctor to the gladiators at Pergamus, physician to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, was an early and characteristic sufferer. "His very brilliance aroused the opposition of his rivals. They envied him his talents, hated him because of his popularity. So they set to work against him, opposing him on every occasion, spreading calumnies. Eventually they drove him from the city." So it goes on. "Big advances in medicine have generally been carried out against the opposition of the medical profession. Medical history keeps on repeating itself like a child repeating the alphabet."

When Harvey published "The Motion of the Heart and Blood," showing the blood "to course and revolve by a new route," his declaration brought him abuse, and his prosperous private practice declined. Those he had treated consulted the more orthodox! They preferred the old notions and the old nostrums: "Even the cleverest scientists were firmly



WITH A DERMATOBIA FLY'S EGGS, "LIKE A TINY BUNCH OF BANANAS," ATTACHED TO ITS UNDERSIDE BY THE FLY, SO THAT THE LARVÆ MAY PENETRATE HUMAN SKIN: A MOSQUITO AS CARRIER OF A SKIN DISEASE.

"To suggest that a fly is clever enough to compel a mosquito to carry its eggs to the nearest man, so that the larvæ of the fly can wriggle into the puncture made by the mosquito, may seem a flight of fancy, yet it is but one of Nature's endless romances. The drawing shows how the fly attaches its eggs, like a tiny bunch of bananas, to the underside of the mosquito, before allowing it to dart away."

language understood of the layman, of the revolutionary discoveries of the past, but strengthens, by the very splendour and magnitude of those discoveries, the hope of a future still less infected by unconquered diseases. Have we not had insulin recently, and the investigations of Gye and Barnard?

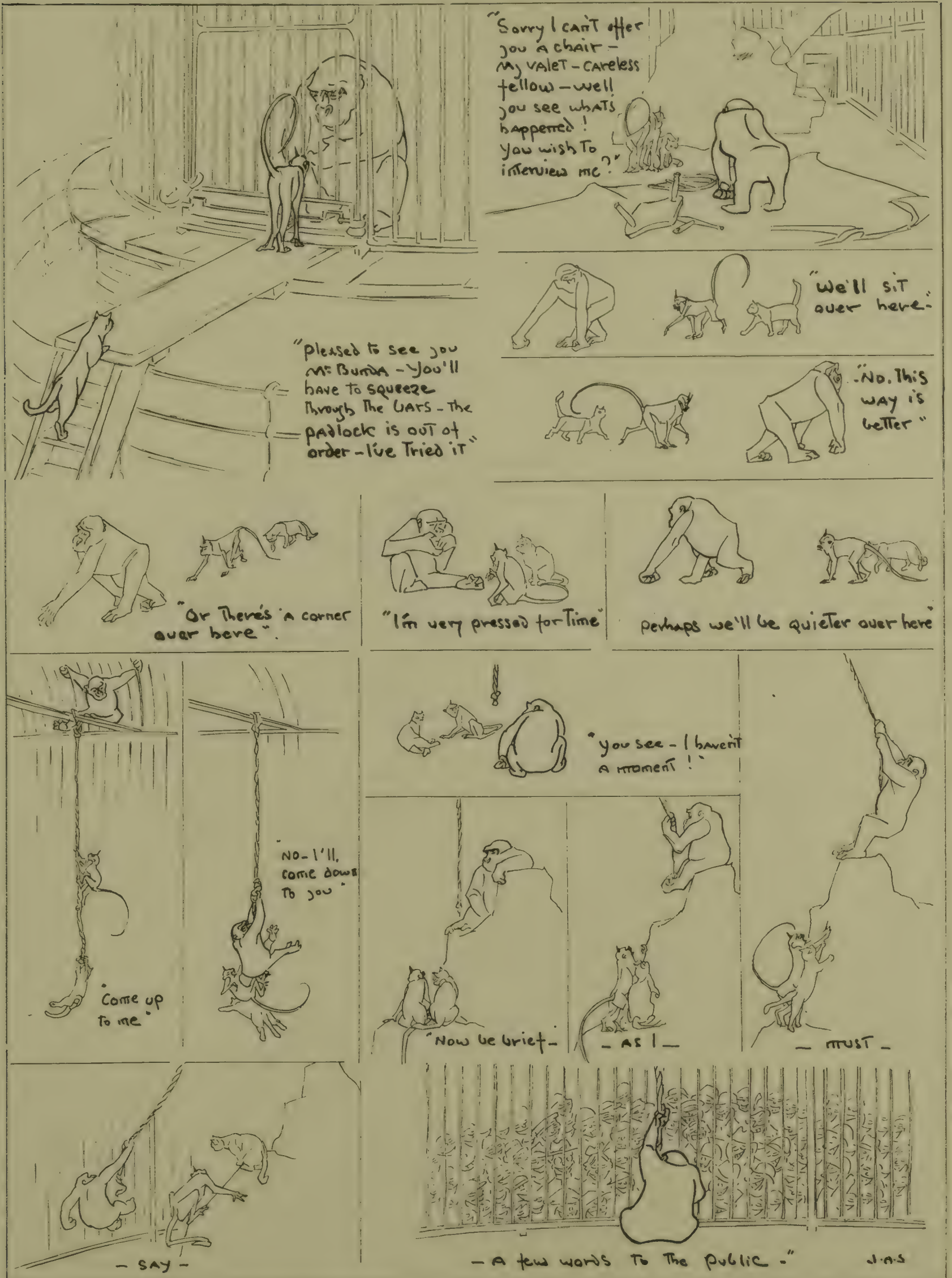
E. H. G.

\* "The Conquest of Disease," By David Masters. Introduction by Sir James Cantlie, K.B.E., F.R.C.S. With sixty-eight illustrations. (John Lane; The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d. net.)



# BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XXVIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## A PERIPATETIC INTERVIEW WITH A RESTLESS CELEBRITY.

Bunda, wishing to verify certain rumours concerning the future plans of John Daniel, the famous gorilla, called on him for an interview, accompanied, of course, by Blinx. John Daniel was very affable, but his restless changes

of position, due to preoccupation with his public engagements, were a little disconcerting, and Bunda was unable to bring him to the point before he left hurriedly to address a gathering of his admirers.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE BRITISH MODEL THEATRE GUILD.—HOLMAN CLARK.

"A PENNY plain, tuppence coloured"—that's what Robert Louis Stevenson called the little Model Theatre, to whose revival our distinguished collaborator, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, lent an influential hand when he opened the Exhibition at the Faculty of Arts in Upper John Street, Golden Square. Some of us remember how, in the days of our youth, we enjoyed ourselves with little cardboard theatres and cardboard figures, and tried a hand at playacting; sometimes even at play-writing. I plead guilty to a terrible five-act tragedy laid in China entitled "Polona," in which everybody was killed for a happy ending! But even in my young days the little theatre was already a lost art—one has to go back to the early decades of the nineteenth century to remember its vogue. Our modern puppet theatres were but the product of toy-industry; wholesale manufacture, crude of design, and puppets coloured up in all defiance of periods and style of raiment. In England, too, the model theatre had generally fallen into desuetude, and its waning standard was, unknown to many, upheld by an artistic printer in Hoxton, Mr. Benjamin Pollock, the friend of "R.L.S.", of Ellen Terry, and of Charles Chaplin, who visited him during his recent stay in England.

And now, to raise this lost art to renewed vitality, two enterprising young fellows, H. W. Whanshaw and Gerald Morice, have founded the British Model Theatre Guild, whose exhibition of many ingenious miniature stages, with performances of H. J. Byron's "Abandoned" (a bloodless curdler), and an original version of the "Sleeping Beauty," manipulated by Mr. J. Richard Trayner and Mr. Gerald Morice, was a joyful beginning. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, the well-known actor, enthused about it, and wrote on a poster about its rejuvenating effect *à la Coué*! I wanted to hear all about the League for the benefit of our readers, who, I feel sure, are interested in this movement of home entertainment, and I found Mr. Gerald Morice, the publicity manager, ready and willing to pour out his soul in enthusiasm.

"First of all," I said, "pray explain the real object of the League." And he said: "Let me give it chapter-wise—"

"The British Model Theatre Guild has been formed to:

- (a) Gather together all those who have Model Theatres, but who have hitherto had no opportunity of meeting those with similar tastes;
- (b) Encourage the interest of the public in the possibilities of the Model Theatre as an individual art;
- (c) Establish a centre where information and literature about Model Theatres can be obtained;
- (d) Provide a medium whereby not only the style and spirit of the old-time toy theatre may be kept alive, but also the wonderful possibilities of the modern artistic stage model may be developed and demonstrated to the fullest extent."

The Guild has only been in existence four months; it held its first opening and general meeting on April 29, 1925.

The Guild is the sole invention of Gerald Morice and H. W. Whanshaw. They had conceived the idea about a year before the first meeting was held, and were only waiting to see whether the success meted out to Mr. Whanshaw's excellent text-book of the

model theatre—"Everybody's Theatre"—should be favourable. On a very warm reception being accorded, they launched out. At the original meeting some twenty members were present, while a further ten or fifteen signified their intention of joining the Guild. An organising committee was appointed. Included in it were Messrs. Whanshaw (as Chairman of Committee), Morice, Harold Monro (of the Poetry Bookshop), Myers, and Marks, who took on the secretaryship.

During the short period of its existence, the Guild has gained considerably more members, including Oliver Bernard, Hubert Hine, Godfrey Clark, and Gerald Forsyth, brother of Bertram Forsyth. It sent models to the British Drama League Exhibition at the Oxford University Extension Summer School, and also to the Faculty of Arts and to the Sadler's Wells Fund sections at Wembley.

"Now for future activities apart from the Exhibition?" I asked Mr. Morice.

"Well, the Exhibition has really set the Guild on its feet. A full programme for the season has been arranged, starting in October and continuing till March. A member can also make use of the information bureau which is shortly to be set up. Further,

of its readers will unstring his purse to help you. Who knows? Italy has its Theatres of the Little Ones; in Germany the Marionettes of Munich bob up serenely everywhere. There is no reason why we should lag behind. For your enterprise appeals to the imagination of young and old. And, as 'R.L.S.' said: 'If you love art, folly, or the bright eyes of children, speed The Penny Plain, Tuppence Coloured!'"

Three weeks ago at Eastbourne, in the Pier Theatre, I saw Holman Clark, still in his best form in "On Change." He was as happy as he always was—"dear old Holman," the man who had no enemies, and, as life once confided to me, never had a real "slating" from the critical fraternity—a record for thirty-five years' stage work.

There was something quite unique about the personality of Holman Clark. His very appearance, the courtliness of his manner, the openness of his face, inspired confidence. He was the friend and confidant not only of his brother actors, but of the managers too. "When in doubt, consult Clark," had become a kind of watch-word with the latter, particularly where farce and comedy were concerned.

He was a good judge and an excellent producer. People loved to work with and for him. As an actor he was the incarnation of *bonhomie*—he could not have played a villain if he had tried. He was always his kindly self; a Dutch uncle, a harbinger of peace, a reasoner and a ranger. His words fell like balm in cosiness on the audience. Even a little "click" in his diction, which in others would have been a flaw, became an attraction. He made one feel that life was not so bad after all—that a little stoicism pilots one through storm and stress. In his last original creation of Amos Purdie in "The Sport of Kings," he reached the high-water mark of his career. How comic he was in his sanguine hopes; how tragicomic when the odds were against him!—"human with a sense of humour," said one of his critics, and that was an apt characterisation of the man as well as of his interpretation.

Outwardly he was always calm and placid, but inwardly he was

all nerves and timidity. Very modest, he lived in fear and anguish before and on the first night. He was never satisfied with himself. When, during the Pinero Cycle, he was offered Terry's famous part of Dick Phenyl, he was literally in terror at the suggestion. "I could never do it; they would slaughter me," he said, and I was sent to persuade him. Well, I succeeded, but never had I such a job. He sparred and he fenced and he kicked in his kindly way at that coaxing luncheon party, and, when at length he gave in, his final shot was: "I'll do it, but God help you!" His success was complete—if he was not "Terry" he was the nearest thing to him—the best Dick Phenyl since the 'eighties. Even Sir Arthur Pinero, so exacting, was highly pleased. But dear old Clark was not. When I went to congratulate him on the first night with a cheery "Victory!" he sat in his chair, huddled up like a bundle of rags, and nodded and shook his head in diffidence. Then others poured in with handshakes and eulogy, and gradually he composed himself. "After all," he said, "it was worth doing, and I'm glad you found I did my best."

That was the man all over—the kindest, simplest soul in stageland.



"THE EMPEROR JONES" OF THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE: MR. PAUL ROBESON, A NEGRO ACTOR, IN THE NAME PART OF EUGENE O'NEILL'S PLAY.

"The Emperor Jones," recently produced at the Ambassadors, concerns an escaped American Negro convict who has made himself ruler of a West Indian island. The natives revolt, and the play shows his frantic efforts to escape through the bush, while ghosts of the past rise before him, and the "tom-tom" of his pursuers sounds ever nearer. Mr. Paul Robeson, who plays with thrilling realism, is a Negro of about 6 ft. 5 in., son of a minister in New Jersey. He himself is a barrister and an athlete, and has played for an all-American football team.—Mr. Charles S. Gilpin, the American Negro tragedian, created the part of Brutus Jones in the play when it was originally produced in New York. It was expected at one time that he would come to London to appear in the Ambassadors production, but he is said to have a superstitious horror of the sea.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co. and Mary Dale Clarke.]



"THE EMPEROR JONES" OF THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN PRODUCTION: MR. CHARLES S. GILPIN, THE NEGRO ACTOR WHO CREATED THE NAME-PART IN NEW YORK.

he can obtain advice on all matters connected with the artistic and technical sides of the model theatre; he is entitled to all Guild literature and pamphlets, as well as the right to exhibit at any Guild exhibitions. And all this is for the modest subscription of 10s. 6d. for town members, and 5s. for country members."

"The programme sounds promising—now, what about the sinews of war?"

"Aye, there's the rub. At present we are handicapped by want of funds for publicity. We have no club-room, no place where we can show our exhibits, where we can give our performances. Nor are we extravagant in our ambitions. All we want are members at 10s. 6d. per annum and a room somewhere in Soho—open every night. Don't you think a Mæcenas could be found who would guarantee a rent of, say, £70 per annum for three years, and give us a little working capital to make our existence and aims better known? What is a mere £200 to a millionaire to revive an art which, carefully fostered, will soon regain its popularity and add to the brightness of many homes?"

"L.s.d.—that is the question. Well, I will make the appeal, for it is a deserving one. *The Illustrated London News* goes all over the world—perhaps one



## ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS: WAR MEMORIALS; BRAEMAR CLANSMEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



DEDICATED "TO OUR FALLEN COMRADES OF THE 47TH (LONDON) DIVISION, 1915-1918": A NEW SCHOOL PLAYGROUND AT MARTINPUICH—THE UNVEILING OF THE GATEWAY (ON RIGHT) BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE GORRINGE, WHO COMMANDED THE DIVISION IN FRANCE FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS—SHOWING ALSO THE REBUILT SCHOOL AND MAIRIE (EXTREME RIGHT) AND THE TOWN'S OWN MEMORIAL (LEFT CENTRE, AMONG TREES).



A GIANT HOWITZER IN SCULPTURE: THE ARTILLERY MEMORIAL AT HYDE PARK CORNER, NOT KEPT COVERED TILL THE UNVEILING, OWING TO ITS GREAT SIZE.



TO 15,567 MEMBERS OF THE 47TH DIVISION: THE MEMORIAL CROSS AT HIGH WOOD UNVEILED BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM THWAITES (ON RIGHT OF MONUMENT).



WATCHED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: THE MARCH OF THE CLANSMEN AT BRAEMAR, A PICTURESQUE FEATURE OF THE HIGHLAND GATHERING.

Two war memorials in honour of the 15,567 members of the 47th (London) Division, Territorial Army, who fell during its four years' service in France and Flanders, were unveiled on September 13 at Martinpuich and in High Wood, about a mile from that village. That at Martinpuich consists of a new school playground with a stone gateway, which was unveiled by Lt.-Gen. Sir George Goringe. The other monument is a stone cross set within a shrine and inscribed: "To the glorious memory of the gallant officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of the 47th (London) Division who lost their lives in the capture of High Wood, September 15, 1916." The cross was unveiled by Major-Gen. Sir William Thwaites, who was one of the



THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVE AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING IN RAIN: THE KING (RIGHT) ALIGHTING FROM THE CARRIAGE, AND THE QUEEN GREETED BY LORD ABERDEEN

brigadiers at Loos and is the present commander of the division. The architect of both monuments was Lieut.-Col. W. G. Newton, F.R.I.B.A., who won the Military Cross at High Wood. He designed the new hall at Marlborough College.—The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke of York, attended the annual Highland Gathering at Braemar on September 10. In spite of a downpour of rain, their Majesties drove on to the ground in an open carriage. The royal party included also Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. As usual, the march of the clansmen, with Highland costume and old-time weapons, was a picturesque feature of the occasion.



# THE PRINCE'S LAST PORT OF CALL: MONTEVIDEO—

DRAWINGS BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE "CERRO AT MONTEVIDEO" (SEE A MOUNTAIN) WHICH THE FORT IN MONTREAL AND THE LARGEST PORT OF THE RIO DE LA PLATA, SITUATED ON SHIPBOARD. THE LARGEST PORT OF THE RIO DE LA PLATA, SITUATED ON SHIPBOARD. THE LARGEST PORT OF THE RIO DE LA PLATA, SITUATED ON SHIPBOARD.

MONTEVIDEO HAS BEEN THE TALLEST TOWER OF THE SOUTH AMERICA OF THE PRINCIPAL PLAZA.

IN THE CITY BUSINESS CHARTER, THE BRITISH BANK LOOKS LIKE A BIT OF LONDON CONTRASTED WITH THE BRITISH ARCHITECTURE OF THE CITY.



MONTEVIDEO IS THE MONTE CARLO OF SOUTH AMERICA. AT THE CASINO OF THE "BOULE" AT KAMIRIZ, AND "KAMIRIZ" THE "BOULE" IS ALWAYS CROWDED, GAMBLING PLAYING A GREAT PART IN THE LIFE OF THE CITY. THERE ARE NO SEATS. PEOPLE STROLLING FROM TABLE TO TABLE—STANDING OCCASIONAL CHITS AND TALKING TO THEIR FRIENDS—



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR BEACHES IN THE NEW WORLD IS THE PLAZA AT PORTO, WHERE THE URUGUAYAN STENDS THE GREATEST PART OF THE WINTER WEATHER. IN CONJUNCTION WITH CROWDS OF ARGENTINE, CHILEAN, NORTH AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN VISITORS—ON THE KAMIRIZ WILSON, THE TENDONAL PROMENADE—CAN BE SEEN THE LATEST WORD IN CLOTHING FROM PARIS, WHILE THE BATHING COSTUMES PUT DEARVILLE OR THE LIDO IN THE SHAPE.

## WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES LANDED IN SOUTH AMERICA, AND WILL BID FAREWELL

According to present plans, the Prince of Wales is due to arrive back at Portsmouth on October 9, two days later than the date previously announced. He arranged to return to Buenos Aires, from Chile, on September 16, and to re-embark on the 18th in the light cruiser "Curlew," transferring to the "Repulse" off Montevideo. The two ships are to leave that port for England, via St. Vincent, on September 20. It was on August 14 that the Prince, on his arrival from South Africa, first stepped on South American soil at Montevideo. He received an enthusiastic welcome in the Uruguayan capital. At the Customs Mole he was greeted by the President of the Republic, Señor José Serrato, the British Minister, the Hon. E. S. Scott, and a distinguished company. For two

# THE "RIVIERA" OF THE RIO DE LA PLATA.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MONTEVIDEO.



MONTEVIDEO IS THE MONTE CARLO OF SOUTH AMERICA. AT THE CASINO OF THE "BOULE" AT KAMIRIZ, AND "KAMIRIZ" THE "BOULE" IS ALWAYS CROWDED, GAMBLING PLAYING A GREAT PART IN THE LIFE OF THE CITY. THERE ARE NO SEATS. PEOPLE STROLLING FROM TABLE TO TABLE—STANDING OCCASIONAL CHITS AND TALKING TO THEIR FRIENDS—



URUGUAY IS VERY PRIDE OF ITS ARMY, WHICH IS VOLUNTARY. UNDER THE COMBUSTIBLE SERVICES IN ITS ARGENTINE AND CHILEAN NEIGHBOURS. THE REGIMENT OF ARGENTINE WATER LAD UNIFORMS ON GUARD AT THE PRESENT PLACE IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN MONTREAL.

"EATING" THEM.

— SCHOOLS ARE NEVER WITHOUT BUSHES AND THE ARREST LOVELY HAS TO INTERVIEW HIS UNARMED JAMES, WHILE FROM HANDS OF THE LADY.

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN UNIFORM IS THAT OF THE "CONCEPCION MILITARY" BY THE DISTRICT OF LUNARUM. THEY WERE FIRST RESEMBLED TOBACCO AND CARRY OLD COLORED LADY MARCHES.



A GALA BALL IN THE URUGUAYAN CLUB—CENTRE OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY OF THE BANDA ORIENTAL—HAS TWO OUTSTANDING CUSTOMS THAT IMPRESS THE STRANGER.—THE "DISTINGUISHED" ONE, LOCAL "PAUTS" WHO STATION THEMSELVES IN THE VERY CENTRE OF THE BALL-ROOM AND DANCING THE DANCERS, AND THE "CONCEPCION MILITARY" CONTAINING AT LEAST TWO ACCORDIONS. THEY GIVE THE PRICES, ONE TO THE DANCERS OF THE NATIONAL "TANGO"—DANCED ALTERNATIVELY WITH THE "PORTUQUE".

## TO THAT CONTINENT ON SAILING FOR HOME: MONTEVIDEO, CAPITAL OF URUGUAY.

days the Prince was entertained with a round of brilliant festivities, including a State dinner at Government House, a gala performance at the opera, and visits to the National University and the new Legislative Palace. He also visited the British Hospital and laid the foundation-stone of an English school. On his departure for Buenos Aires, the Uruguayan Foreign Minister, Señor Blanco, said that all the people were charmed beyond words with the Prince, his democratic manner, simplicity, and graciousness. The British community in Montevideo, whom he met, has only some 450 members, but is well organized, with many clubs and societies. Our artist writes: "Montevideo and its environs may well be likened to Monte Carlo and the Riviera."—(Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.)

BRYAN DE GRINEAU—  
MONTEVIDEO—15



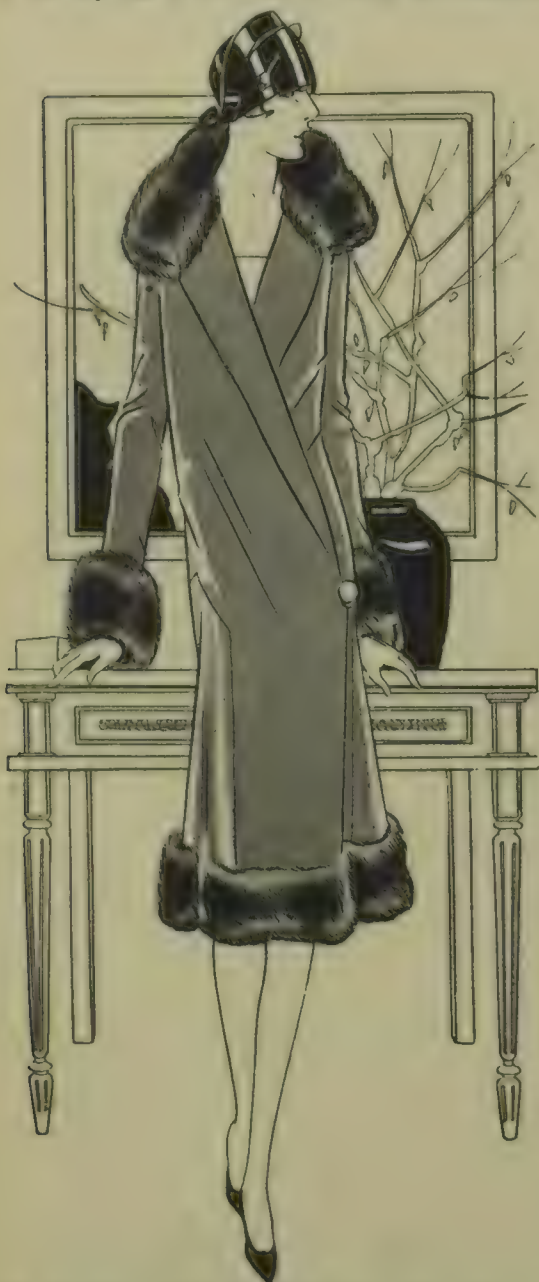
# The World of Women



One of the new cavalier capes which may be seen at Jay's. It is carried out in soft Vicuna velour, the deep roll collar of beaver fur extending to the hem. (See page 544.)

and at once loose their shape. One receives much advice, written and spoken, as to what to wear for the Scotch season. Experience teaches tweed, tweed; and north of the Tweed nothing but tweed proves really satisfactory, and in that category all kinds of reliable homespun. There are not many loom weavers left up here, but there are some, and their products are weatherproof and everlasting.

I hear that Sunday evenings in some of the big golfing hotels offer a problem. At Dornoch it is solved by the people doing all sorts of tricks and puzzles. No card games are allowed in the lounge on the Sabbath, and no golf on the links; so it is up to those staying there to amuse themselves, and this is how they elect to do it. The hotel has been full and balloting may give a round of golf at 8.15 a.m.; when that is over, and a bathe indulged in, the rest of the day has to be filled in, unless an afternoon



The new side panels are introduced in this attractive coat, sponsored by Jay's. It is carried out in fancy velour, trimmed with American skunk. (See page 544.)

THE King and Queen, in common with his Majesty's subjects, are not getting the best of weather for the Highlands. A friend from Balmoral said that it has been bitterly cold there, with snow early in the day on surrounding hill-tops. Since then there has been a welcome change further north, where the temperature has never been so low; but there has also been rain—welcome to no one but salmon anglers, as the rivers are rising enough to let the fish get up. The Queen, when in the Highlands, wears tweed coats and skirts, which are the only practical things for the northern climate, especially tweeds woven in the North, which turn the rain. Woollen knitted coats and skirts absorb it, become heavy and sodden,

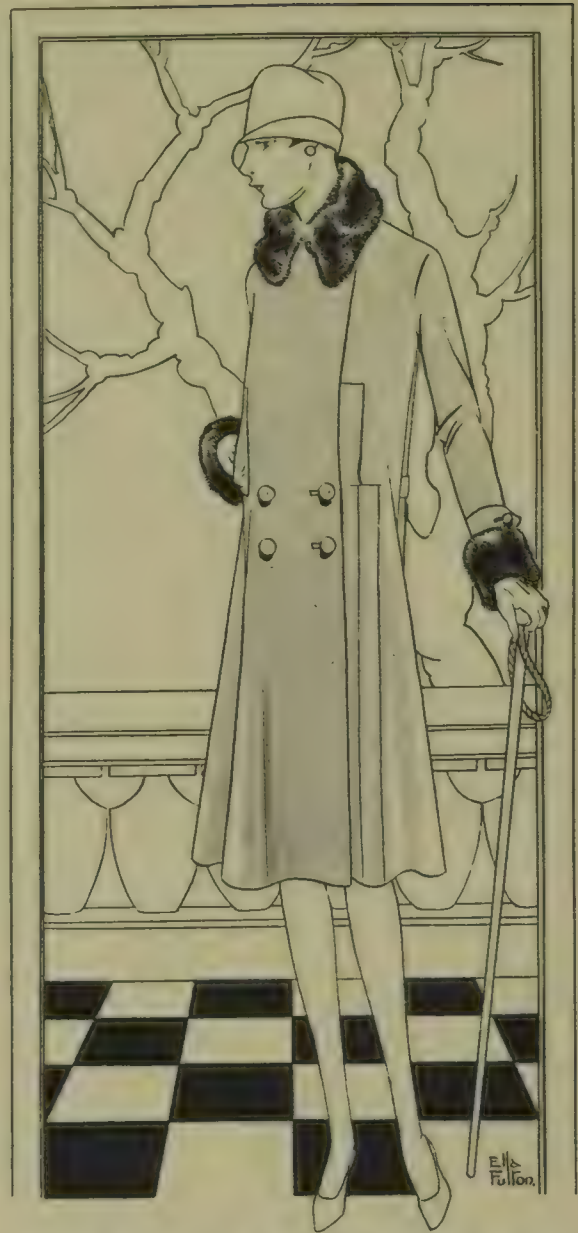
round is possible. There are lovely motor trips, and there is angling with little result this year, since the salmon lie in scores, visible, but inert, and even the lively trout seem to care little for the fly, real or artificial. The Countess of Elgin, who with Lord Elgin, was staying at Skibo with Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, killed a splendid fresh-run 20-lb. salmon at Invershin, and in so doing proved herself one of the very few successful anglers there this season.

The Prince of Wales has been diligently learning the tango in South America. His Royal Highness is one of those who believe that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well. His love of dancing he inherits from the Queen, whose favourite diversion it was in her girlhood and young womanhood, when the decorous waltz was the chief item on ball programmes. Now there is a boom in dancing, and programmes are varied. During the coming winter the tango will certainly have a vogue, and, danced well, it is a picturesque affair, and one which affords good exercise, always a consideration with the Prince, who takes great pleasure in keeping "fit." It is pleasant to think that he will soon be back. The King and Queen will leave Balmoral somewhat earlier than usual in order to welcome him.



A graceful coat for the autumn and winter which may be studied at Jay's, Regent Street, W. It is expressed in pavement-grey cloth, bordered with viscachia fur, which is of the chinchilla family. (See page 544.)

Lady Osborne Beauclerk, mother of the Marquess of Waterford, sister of the Duchess of Devonshire, suffered considerably from shock after the collision of the two-seater car in which she was with her youngest son, Lord Hugh, and her youngest daughter, Lady Patricia Beresford, with a car in which were the Mayor and other civic officials of Waterford. Lady Osborne Beauclerk is the wife of Lord Osborne de Vere Beauclerk, step-brother and heir-presumptive to the Duke of St. Albans. He was in the 17th Lancers and was in the South African and the Great War. His own mother, the Duchess of St. Albans, owns Newtown-Anner, a beautiful estate near Clonmel. Her father, the late Mr. Ralph Bernal-Osborne, was one of the wits and one of the well-known Irish characters of Victorian days. Lady Osborne has two sons and three daughters; she has never been



Perfectly tailored is this double-breasted coat from Jay's, of fancy coating trimmed with beaver. The high waist is emphasised at the back by a narrow belt and inverted pleat. (See page 544.)

a very robust lady, and the shock to her is regrettable. However, the results of the accident might have been very much worse, for it was an ugly one.

An American newspaper states that a family called Griffith, who have lived simply but quite comfortably in the uplands of Talbot County, have been informed that they have a claim to a large English estate left by a Lord Easton, and worth thirty million dollars. The search for the legal heirs of Lord Easton has, the paper states, been in progress on both sides of the Atlantic for more than a year. It is now believed that he had a second son who married, and had a daughter, Dorcas, who married Thomas Griffith, the ancestor of the family in question. An old family Bible, which is said to have belonged to Dorcas Griffith, contains much information carrying out this theory. One has not heard of a Lord Easton. Easton Lodge, Essex, belongs to the Dowager Countess of Warwick, but she was heiress to her grandfather, the third Viscount Maynard, so that Easton Lodge cannot be concerned.

Viscount Galway had a house party at Serlby Hall for Doncaster. He is eighty-one, and was at several large assemblies during the London season, looking well and hearty. He has been A.D.C. to the Sovereign in three reigns, and before succeeding to the title, was Conservative M.P. for Notts. His only son, Colonel the Hon. George Monckton-Arundell, a very tall and distinguished Guardsman, married the Hon. Lucia White, who was a Maid of Honour, and they have two daughters. They were of Lord Galway's party, as were Lieutenant-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Skeffington-Smyth, his only daughter, and son-in-law. Lady Celia Coates, one of Lord Crewe's twin daughters, was also of the house party. The Earl and Countess of Carlisle, Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. John Lowther, the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Cochrane-Baillie, were guests of Mrs. Leatham's party at Wentbridge House, as were also Sir Frederick and Lady Carmichael-Anstruther. Ethel Lady Beaumont had, as usual, a party at Carlton Towers. It was a smart and cheery meeting, with the sporting element "on top," as may be expected in Yorkshire, where, it is said, you need only "shake a bridle over a Yorkshireman's grave, and he will get up and steal a horse!" Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles were of Lord Lonsdale's Doncaster party. A. E. L.



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There are evidences of Italian lattice gates of iron in the early Middle Ages, and gates in Winchester Cathedral prove that the art was known in England in the 11th century.

The most highly decorative specimens are of Continental origin in the luxurious period of Louis XIV.

In England, iron gate-making was greatly stimulated in the 17th century by Queen Mary and William III, for whom the renowned gates of Hampton Court were executed.

The early iron-master was combined designer and craftsman; but from the 18th century pattern books of professional designers were published. Founder's work has largely replaced the old forging methods.

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## Fashions and Fancies.

**Lounge Coats of Luminous Lace.** The latest vogue in Paris is that of the lounge coat—not, as its name implies, a simple affair purely for comfort, but, on the contrary, an elaborate creation of lace and georgette, reaching almost to

Imagination is allowed to run riot in these fascinating lounge coats, which will prove a delightful fashion for the hospitable hostess who entertains a great deal at home.

### Coats for Autumn and Winter.

Wrap coats for the winter months are engaging everyone's attention at the moment. Already the new season's models are to be seen at Jay's, Regent Street, W., in whose salons were sketched those pictured on page 542. In the top left-hand corner is a Cavalier cloak which will be much in vogue, carried out in vicuna velour, a material beautifully soft and light, bordered with beaver, the fur extending from collar to hem. Opposite is a delightful "boy's" double-breasted coat built in a fancy coating. The sides flare from a rather high waist, which is indicated at the back by a narrow belt finishing an inverted pleat. This smart little coat has collar and cuffs of beaver fur. In the centre is a graceful model of pavement-grey cloth bordered with viscachia fur, a less expensive version of chinchilla, coming from the same region round the Andes. The lining of the coat introduces with great effect tiny frills of scarlet and grey crêpe de Chine. Below is sketched a flaring coat of the same genre, expressed in brown fancy velour bordered with American skunk. Every well-dressed woman should make a point of visiting these salons without delay.

### Hats of Velour and Felt.

The new vogue for velour will be welcomed by everyone, for these soft, furry hats in warm colourings are ideal for autumn and winter days. Many delightful models are to be seen at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W., in whose salons were sketched the two attractive affairs pictured here. The one on the left, of cedarwood velour, trimmed simply by the brim passing through a slot in front, can be obtained for 29s. 6d., available in two sizes and many colours. A special feature is being made of velours at this price, obtainable also in the becoming mushroom shape. The second model is carried out in velour and felt of two colours, the turned-up brim being caught by a decorative pin. It is one of the many charming hats for more formal occasions obtainable in the salon on the first floor, where there is always an infinite variety of fashionable models.

### Knitted Suits for Links and Moors.

Sunny autumn days in the country call for knitted suits which are equally suitable for sports when required. Of these, Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., have a splendid choice, and many of their new models may be studied at leisure in the illustrated brochure of knitted wear which will be sent gratis and post free on request. It includes a woollen golf suit on tailored lines bound with artificial silk braid available for 84s., and another of wool, striped with artificial silk, is 89s. 6d., the coat boasting collar and cuffs of brushed alpaca wool. Then an Eton-collared jumper-suit in fine wool and artificial silk is only 45s. 6d., and multi-coloured woollen cardigans with jumpers to match are 17s. 9d. and 15s. respectively. Useful ribbed wool house-coats, completed with two pockets, can be obtained for the modest sum of 9s. 11d., available in every fashionable shade.



The new vogue is delightfully illustrated by this simple hat fashioned of cedarwood velour, which hails from Woolland Bros.

the knees and fastening with a large bow or jewelled tassel. It is destined for informal festivities at home in the afternoon or evening, and, to be perfectly practical, can be worn over old frocks, hiding a multitude of sins beneath its frivolous exterior. Many models are carried out in georgette and lace, some in velvet brocaded chiffon, and a few, the very newest caprice, are decorated with panels of luminous lace which shimmer effectively in the dark!



Velour and felt in contrasting shades are happily allied in this distinctive hat from Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W.

## Nicoll Models

### Parade of Autumn Fashions

Mannequin Parades in the Showroom each Monday and Wednesday during September. Many interesting new ideas in tailored Costumes, Gowns, 2-piece Suits, Overcoats, Fur Coats, Riding Habits and Ski-ing Outfits will be shewn.

11.30 to 12.30 and 3 to 4.30.

#### "Edith"

Costume in check suiting. Three-quarter length coat with panel at sides, finished with three buttons. Plain tailored skirt.

14½ Gns.



#### "Rayon"

Tailored Suit also in check suiting, with the new flared coat.

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**Served in restaurants and cafés of standing**  
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS



## EAST AND WEST.

(Continued from Page 528.)

It would be difficult to define with greater precision and clearness the present-day Asiaticism of Europe and America. That is what the great Indian poet Tagore does not seem to have understood. In many of his works, but especially in "Nationalism," he opposes with great vigour the spirituality, the depth of inner life, the indefatigable aspirations towards moral perfection of the East, to the materialism, the cupidity, the haste, the insatiable desire for riches, and the unreflecting activity of the West. But he does not appear to suspect that the conflict which exists between the East and the West exists in the heart of the West itself; that there are two Europes and two Americas always struggling with themselves, like the East and the West, and for the same reasons: that each European and each American, however cultivated he may be, is at the same time a Westerner and an Oriental.

Maeterlinck's rather strange idea, according to which there is an Eastern and Western lobe in the human brain, might, in a certain sense, express a profound truth: the tragic duality of our time, which, in order to conquer the world and its riches, has had to destroy a part of the spiritual treasures created by our forefathers: arts, morals, and religions. For all the enigmas of the nineteenth century, the solution of which has eluded so many clear-sighted minds, are elucidated when one sees in its simple and

gigantic lines the superhuman task at which the West has laboured for more than a hundred years.

Five centuries ago man did not know the planet which God had given him to inhabit. He knew not how big it was, nor of what shape, nor who were its inhabitants. The oceans were still solitudes, wild since the beginning of time; the different branches of the human family lived isolated; humanity was ignorant of itself.

Europeans began a methodical exploitation of the world in the fifteenth century. Gradually humanity found itself. For three centuries progress was slow, but it became quicker in the nineteenth century, as the mechanical, quantitative, and scientific civilisation of the West gradually invaded all the continents, in the wake of railways, telegraphs, and the new Fire, which from the humble domestic slave of man has developed into the Master of the World.

The conquest of the earth and its treasures is the gigantic task at which a part of humanity has been working for the last century. Begun by Europeans and Americans, it is destined to become the common work of the whole of humanity. If there is one interest in which all the peoples and all the races are combined, it is in that of becoming masters of their planet. That is why Asia is already being carried along, at least partially, into the Western whirlpool.

But to achieve this conquest rapidly it was necessary that there should be an effort of imagination, of intelligence, of will and of work, such as the world had never seen before. But all the qualitative civilisations of the past had sought, not to excite the human mind so that it might be capable of the most intense effort, but rather to limit and discipline it, so that it might attain the highest perfection in art, morals, politics, and social life. The nineteenth century found itself in the presence of a certain number of political and religious institutions, and of a great many moral and aesthetic traditions, which the centuries ordered it to adore, and which hindered its effort, its vigour, its new and unbounded ambitions for the history of the world.

It destroyed them without hesitation. What invectives were heaped upon it! They ended by proclaiming it the most stupid of the centuries. If these destructions are considered as the caprices of its pride, without taking into account the task which it had to accomplish, which was their deep-seated reason, it ought to be called the furious and mad century, rather than the stupid century. It opened, so to speak, an immense parenthesis,

which was to interrupt for several centuries the solemn march of human history. For the conquest of the earth is, and can only be, a parenthesis, a work which one day will be achieved, or at least brought to such a point that it will



A SCOTSMAN WINS THE IRISH OPEN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. T. A. TORRANCE RECEIVING THE CUP FROM MR. D. MACLAUGHLIN, CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL PORTRUSH CLUB.



A GREAT CROWD WATCHES THE IRISH OPEN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE "GALLERY" CLOSING IN AT THE FOURTEENTH GREEN ON THE PORTRUSH COURSE.

Mr. T. A. Torrance (Sandy Lodge) beat Major C. O. Hezlet (Royal Portrush) by 4 up and 3 to play, in the final of the Irish Open Amateur Golf Championship at Portrush on September 11.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

only occupy a secondary place in men's thoughts. That day humanity will return once more, in a world grown larger, in the midst of riches infinitely greater and with far more powerful means, to the quest of that elusive perfection which has always been the supreme aim of its activity, because it is a necessity of its inmost spirit.

The generations which have succeeded one another during the last century have always vaguely felt this. That is why they have admired and venerated the remains of the past, even while they demolished them with the greatest energy. That is why we have two lobes in our brain, those which Maeterlinck calls Oriental and Occidental. At bottom we know, though we do not say it, that we live in an atmosphere of immense change. We know that the remains of the past, preserved by us in libraries and museums, like embalmed corpses, guard the spark from which the light of the future will burst forth, the day when the conquest of the earth is accomplished. And we know that we are all working towards that future with the Oriental as well as the Occidental lobe of our double brain.

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Morris Cowley 4 Seater, 6 Panels	Two 26 1/2" X 16 1/2"	Two 29 1/2" X 16 1/2"	Two 18 1/2" X 16 1/2"	Two 16 1/2" X 16 1/2"	6 16 6
Morris Cowley 2 Seater, 4 Panels	Two 24" X 16 1/2"	Two 24" X 16 1/2"	Two 13" X 16 1/2"	Two 13" X 16 1/2"	3 13 6
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Citroen (Fr. Body) 4 Seater, 8 Panels	Two 19 1/2" X 19"	Two 13 1/2" X 19"	Two 18" X 19"	Two 22" X 19"	9 9 0
Star 4 Seater, 6 Panels	Two 33" X 16 1/2"	Two 24" X 16 1/2"	Two 24 1/2" X 16 1/2"	Two 24 1/2" X 16 1/2"	6 16 6
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## DEWAR'S

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DEWAR'S



## RADIO NOTES.

THE very latest in broadcast receiving apparatus can be seen at the Royal Albert Hall, London, where the National Association of Radio Manufacturers and Traders are holding their annual exhibition until Sept. 23. Viscount Wolmer opened the exhibition, which marks the thirtieth anniversary of the invention of wireless. Some of Marconi's original apparatus for signalling by wireless is on view, and includes a magnetic detector the size of a present-day four-valve cabinet. In the gallery is exhibited a hospital ward equipped with receiving apparatus for use by patients. A drawing showing how the Royal Waterloo Hospital has been fitted with the Burndeft Auto-Broadcast system appears on another page in this issue. Other items of special interest to listeners include the new Ethodyne seven-valve super-heterodyne receiver, which is so powerful that it will receive most British and Continental broadcasts on the Ethovox loud-speaker with the aid of a small frame aerial. It is made by Burndeft, Ltd., and although very selective—2LO has been cut out at a distance of under two hundred yards—it is very simple to control. The British Thomson Houston Company, Ltd., exhibit a complete range of their broadcast receiving-sets and components. Among these is displayed an electric table lamp which is also a loud-speaker. It is illuminated by three electric lamps hidden by a coloured silk shade.

A novel remote control for switching on or off a valve set from any room in the house is exhibited by Gamage's. Many listeners who have wired a house so that broadcasts may be heard in various rooms have often wished for a simple means whereby the receiving-set in another room could be switched on or off without the necessity of going to the receiver for that purpose. This can now be done instantaneously from any point in the

house by pressing a tiny button. One touch on the button brings the receiver into operation, and a second touch cuts off the valve current—a great boon to invalids, or to those enthusiasts who listen in bed.

In a previous article we referred to the fact that broadcast items seem more realistic if the receiver and loud-speaker are disguised or placed out of sight whilst listening, and now to the famous "Amplion"

when the chimes of Big Ben or the time signals from Greenwich Observatory are broadcast daily.

Whilst experimenting with a crystal detector on an indoor aerial, the writer changed over from a small variometer to a coil fitted with a slider for tuning, but found that the programme from "2 LO," six miles away, was just as strong whether the slider touched the first turn of the coil or with the coil all in. The coil was removed, and the aerial connected directly to the detector, with the result that the broadcast was heard just as loudly as with a complete crystal set. The experiment took place in a room at the top of the house, the indoor aerial running from the ground floor to the top, and with a water-pipe "earth." Curiously enough, when the detector and telephones were connected to the same aerial, but at the ground-floor end, reception was weaker, but with the aid of a tuning coil, rose to normal strength. Readers who live within a few miles of the local broadcasting station might be interested to try this little experiment of reception with the aerial directly on to the crystal. It seems to offer possibilities of reception with the aid of nothing more than an aerial and earth wire and a pair of telephones fitted with a tiny detector. Needless to say, the aerial wire must be of a certain length, which may easily be found by experiment.

The B.B.C. states that the moving of "5 XX" from Chelmsford to Daventry has had the effect of making crystal reception more difficult in a limited area of East and South-East England. It must be remembered, however, that the crystal area of Daventry comprises a population of about six millions more than did the Chelmsford area. The B.B.C. are alive to the necessity of making reception easy for everybody, and are pressing forward new schemes which should remove the cause for grievance of those who are finding difficulty in receiving at present.



THE GREAT RADIO SHOW AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: VISCOUNT WOLMER SPEAKING AT THE OPENING CEREMONY.

At the Royal Albert Hall, London, the fourth annual Exhibition of the products of Great Britain's chief radio manufacturers is now being held. Viscount Wolmer, speaking at the opening ceremony, declared that it had been calculated that some ten million people were listening regularly to wireless programmes in Great Britain alone. Our photograph shows Viscount Wolmer speaking before a microphone so that the opening speech could be heard by the great audience present in the Hall. Senatore Marconi is next to Viscount Wolmer.

Photograph by G.P.U.

series of loud-speakers has been added the "Radiolux." In appearance it is like an English bracket clock, and is artistic enough to warrant a place on the mantel-shelf. It is hornless, and broadcast music or speech issues through the interstices of the "face" of the clock. The "Radiolux" will function as a clock



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P 325.

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### THE NEW TESS AT BARNES.

FRANKNESS is best. The Tess of Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is not the Tess of our imagining or of the book's description, just as the play Mr. Thomas Hardy has built round his famous heroine cannot hold a candle to the novel which public opinion has long ago exalted into a classic. To say this is to disparage neither actress nor author. Who is there who can forget Miss Ffrangcon-Davies's work in "The Immortal Hour" and "Bethlehem," or has not happy memories of her Eve and Juliet and Cleopatra? But as Tess, who was deep-bosomed and robust, as we well recall, she has to fight against prepossessions, with her slightness of figure and the note of plaintiveness in her voice. And the great novelist himself, employing an unfamiliar medium, has had something of the same sort of battle to wage, for perforce he has had to strip a masterpiece of not a few of its most arresting beauties. What room is there on the stage, to take an instance, for those chapters in which the seasons of the year amid country surroundings obtain such exquisite illustration? They have to go, and his stagecraft has not the subtlety to offer adequate amends. Yet after a while, a tragic figure emerges, with touching love-speeches to say, with the fatal reticence of the Tess we know, and with the ultimate mood of desperation and vengeance that seems as natural as it is pitiful. On a smaller scale, then, we really obtain from Mr. Hardy's stage version the drama of his heroine's doom—a lesser thing than the written tale, but still a work of art that is moving and sincere. And Miss Ffrangcon-Davies's Tess is appealing, and of course plaintive, stirs our tears, has little touches

of inspiration; but she, too, is on the small scale. We miss in the actress's reading the brave spirit, the splendid stoicism, the sweep of passion, the tragic dignity we associate with the Tess of the original tale. The Angel Clare of Mr. Ion Swinley, and the Labourer of Mr. John Le Hay, seem between them to dwarf this Tess.



A "MYSTERY" SHIP IN THE THAMES: THE FIVE-MASTED "GENERAL SERRET" ANCHORED OFF THE CUSTOM HOUSE WITH A CARGO OF WHISKY SAID TO BE VALUED AT £30,000.

The "General Serret," which recently left Antwerp for North American waters and put into Dover owing (it was said) to engine trouble and shortage of coal, was towed up the Thames on September 12 and anchored off the Custom House. Her presence caused considerable interest, partly because five-masted ships seldom come so far up the river, but chiefly on account of her cargo, stated to consist of 10,000 cases of whisky worth £30,000. It was reported that the cargo had been sealed by the Customs and might be unloaded and put into bond, but an official stated that the ship was not under arrest. Later, the owners declared that there was no question of the whisky being unloaded.—[Photograph by C.N.]

### "THE EMPEROR JONES." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

A fine play and a fine actor have come to us together in the production of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones," at the Ambassadors. The hero of the story, it will be remembered, is a man of colour

who, after applying in native surroundings what he believes to be the white man's methods of domination successfully for a time, is forced to take flight through a forest, and is to be seen reverting to type, and fighting superstitions and imaginary as well as real dangers, in a growing agony of terror. Originally a convict, and then a train conductor who had listened to the talk of "big business," and imbibed the notion that theft has only to be conducted in a large enough way to lead to fortune, he has acquired a kind of Napoleonic veneer which cracks under the pressure of misfortune and hallucination. We watch his panic growing at the periodic sounding of the tom-tom which is the sign of unrelenting pursuit. Virtually it is a one-man play, and there is never a moment when it is not an excitement and a pleasure to watch Mr. Paul Robeson act out all its horrors, whether of dream or reality. Such an impressive physique has he that he can wear the most grotesque garb and yet never grow less in stature or distinction; so rich is his voice that he can make the most clipped Negro speech sound majestic. A more conventional piece of Mr. O'Neill's, "The Long Voyage Home," with a telling rôle for Mr. A. G. Poulton, serves as curtain-raiser.

### "TAFKY." AT THE "Q" THEATRE.

Mr. Caradoc Evans and his Welsh compatriots must be left to fight out the issue as to whether "Taffy" is a true or a fantastic picture of the types which people the remoter parts of Wales, and the faults that conceal themselves there under the cloak of religion. But at least his play is very trenchant satire, and provides for Saxon audiences heaps of amusement. It errs on the side of length; it may err in the way of exaggeration; but certainly its characters, whether hypocrites or tyrants, make good fun, and give scope to good acting. Mr. Bruce Winston and Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn

[Continued on Page 556.]

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12 Table Knives	12 Table Forks	12 Tea Spoons
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1 Pair Joint Carvers	6 Table Spoons	2 Sauce Ladles
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12 Cheese Knives	12 Dessert Forks	6 Egg Spoons
1 Pair Joint Carvers	6 Table Spoons	1 Gravy Spoon
1 Pair Poultry Carvers	12 Soup Spoons	1 Soup Ladle
1 Steel	12 Dessert Spoons	2 Sauce Ladles

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At Harrods you may select your Cutlery Canteen from a really remarkable display. These cabinets are fitted with Harrods well-known Electro Plate and Cutlery, which guarantees lasting and satisfactory wear.

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1 Pair Joint Carvers	6 Table Spoons	1 Gravy Spoon
1 Pair Poultry Carvers	12 Soup Spoons	1 Soup Ladle
1 Steel	12 Dessert Spoons	2 Sauce Ladles

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PS 6601.—Fumed oak Cabinet with one drawer. Fitted with good quality Stainless Steel Cutlery, with imitation ivory handles and Harrods celebrated 'A' Quality Electro Plate, 'Old English' Pattern.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Closed and Open Cars.** I think I have more than once expressed the opinion that the car of the future will be the closed vehicle, and that the open touring car would be restricted to the "sports" type almost entirely.



A POPULAR BRITISH CAR IN A FRESH FORM: ONE OF THE NEW FOUR-WHEEL-BRAKED MORRIS-COWLEY FOUR-SEATERS IN AN OXFORDSHIRE LANE.

At its new prices (£182 10s. with rear brakes, and £190 with four-wheel brakes) this car is bound to be in great demand.

Looking through the pages of one of the motor journals the other day, I came across an advertisement relating to a well-known Canadian car which had as its "slogan" the phrase: "'Motor-car' will soon mean 'closed car.'" This, I think, expresses admirably the opinion I have stated. To my mind, there is only one type of car which is suitable for all-the-year use in a climate such as our own, and that

is the saloon. Of course, where the individual is possessed of sufficient wealth to run a stud of cars, the case is quite altered. If I were in that happy position, I should own a saloon for town work and winter touring, a fast open car for fine-weather long-distance work, and a two-seater coupé for occasional jobs like station work, going to and from the golf club, and that sort of thing. That would be the minimum size of the stud, which might be even more expanded if the money were there. Unfortunately, however, very few are in possession of incomes sufficient to warrant the ownership of more than a single car, and in such case I do not think there need be much trouble about the choice of type. The saloon has it every time.

When I say I am keen on the saloon, I do not want it to be thought that I believe the present-day body of that type to be the last word. As constructed in England, it is costly to build, and outputs do not justify the enormously expensive plant employed in American factories to build all-steel bodies; but I am inclined to think that there might be a future for a company which would lay down the plant to manufacture such bodies for the trade. There is a well-known and deservedly popular American car being sold in large numbers here in which the difference in price between chassis and saloon is exactly £35 retail. And it is not a bad body at all. In fact, another £15 spent on the interior fittings would make it a very good one indeed. This example shows what can be done by quantity production, and throws a lot of light on the reason why the saloon is the popular type in American motoring circles.

#### Cleaning the Air Supply.

Some rather interesting tests have been carried out lately in one of the factories of General Motors, Ltd., with a view to finding out whether or not the fitting of a device for cleaning the air passed through the carburettor to the motor is worth while. Two engines were run on the test bench for thirty-six hours, and a

measured quantity of fine dust was fed to the air intake of each carburettor. One engine was fed with "washed" air, while in the other case it was passed through without the intervention of a cleaning device. At the end of the test the engines were taken down and carefully measured for wear, when it was found that fifteen times the wear had taken place in the motor which was not furnished with an air-washer than was measurable in the case of the other. That would seem definitely to establish the fact that an air-cleaner is a very desirable accessory to the motor-car engine, and certainly justifies the opinion of those designers who have already incorporated such a device in their cars. Of course, something depends upon the character of the dust with which the experiment was carried out. I do not suppose it was, let us say, carborundum powder. If anything of that sort were used, then it would not be a matter of wonder that the one engine wore badly. Assuming it to have been ordinary road grit and dust, such as would gain access to the moving

[Continued overleaf.]



PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF THE S.M.M.T.: SIR WILLIAM M. LETTS AND COLONEL HACKING, D.S.O., BESIDE THE LATEST SIX-CYLINDER WILLYS KNIGHT SALOON, IN AMERICA.

During his recent visit to America, Colonel Hacking, D.S.O., the popular secretary of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., met Sir William M. Letts, President of the Society, at the Willys Overland Works, Toledo, the English company of which Sir William is the managing director. The car is the latest Willys Knight six-cylinder saloon, which, with the new Overland "six," is exciting considerable interest.

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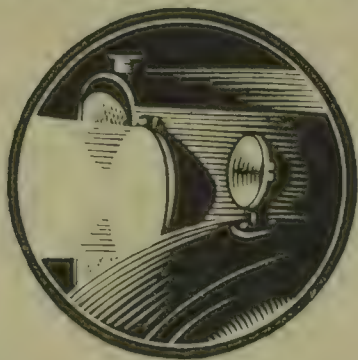
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Torpedo -	-	£325		MODEL 510 20/30 h.p. 6-cylinder.	
Coupé (fixed head) -	-	£365		Chassis (Tax £21) -	- £465
Saloon -	-	£375		Torpedo 5-seater -	- £710
All-Weather -	-	£385		3/4 Limousine Landulet -	- £900
MODEL 502 10/15 h.p. 4-cylinder.				Saloon -	- £925
Chassis (Tax £11) -	-	£245		MODEL 519 40 h.p. 6-cylinder.	
Coupé de Ville -	-	£415		Chassis (Tax £27), long -	- £720
Coupé -	-	£435		Chassis (short) -	- £770
MODEL 505 15/20 h.p. 4-cylinder.				Torpedo (long) -	- £920
Chassis (Tax £14) -	-	£335		Torpedo (short) -	- £970
Torpedo 5-seater -	-	£515		Saloon (long) -	- £1250

The above prices include Front-Wheel Brakes, except Models 501 and 502. The extra charge for Front-Wheel Brakes on these two Models has been reduced to £15.

The New 7 h.p.—Model 509—will be included in the range of models on view at

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The crude oils from which are obtained the petrols sold in the British Isles are perforce largely derived at present from territory outside the British Empire. But, of those petrols which are derived from British sources, *SHELL distributes more than all the other petrol-distributing companies combined.*

The production of Shell and its transport from overseas employ many thousands of British subjects. A further number is employed in the refining processes carried out by Shell in this country, though admittedly up-to-date methods of performing these operations on however large a scale do not admit of the employment of labour to any great extent.

Finally, the marketing and distributing organisation of Shell, and the manufacture of the British-made Shell pump, employ many thousands more British subjects. **IN FACT—**

*There is more British labour employed in the Shell organisation—*

*There is more British Capital invested in Shell interests—*

*There are more British vessels engaged in transporting Shell products—*

*than in any other concern dealing in Petroleum Products.*

**SHELL-MEX**

LTD.

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*(Continued.)*

parts in general road use, the test is valuable, and should lead to definite development in the near future.

### The World's Motor Championship.

I imagine that quite a few firms who adopt racing as a part of their policy would like to know the secret of the phenomenal speed of the Alfa-Romeo racers. Last year and again this, they seem to be unbeatable, and win all the classic races for which they are entered. It is

conditions of the race and the fact that the cars are of only two litres cylinder capacity (about 14-h.p. by our Treasury rating) are taken into account.

### The White Line.

The "white line," which is being so much discussed now, acts as a useful warning. Its purpose, as I see it, is to educate the vehicle driver—and especially the motor driver—to keep well to his own side of the road at curves and corners, and to proceed at a proper speed when

of matter over mind, and points the moral that only by education in the use of the road can we keep accidents within due bounds. One white line at a bad corner is worth a hundred convictions for exceeding the speed limit on an open road.

### Morris Developments.

Messrs. Morris Motors, Ltd., have just sent me details of their new programme, which makes very interesting reading. Although, by general consent,



OUR "MECHANICALISED" ARMY: A LONG LINE OF TANKS READY FOR "ACTION" DURING THE MANŒUVRES IN HAMPSHIRE AND WILTSHIRE TO BEGIN ON SEPTEMBER 22.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

true they failed to win the French Grand Prix, but only because the whole team was withdrawn when poor Ascari was killed. At the time of their withdrawal they had the race well in hand, and must have won with a lot to spare. Now these really wonderful cars have set up yet another record by winning the World's Motor Championship, which their victory in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza has given them. They finished first and second, and the winning car, driven by Brilli-Peri, covered the distance of 800 kilometres at an average speed of 94.47 miles an hour—a really astounding speed when the

approaching danger points. Undoubtedly the white line does exercise a powerful influence over the mind of the driver—so much so that, comparing notes with other experienced motorists, I am convinced that it is practically impossible for one to ignore its warning and its meaning. It is educative, and the influence it has carries on to the next danger point at which the line may not even exist at all. All the while it is teaching caution at blind spots, which is what we want if road accidents are to be reduced. There is no virtue in the white line by itself—that is the point I want to make. In this case it signifies the victory

the Morris models have represented what I may call peak value at their prices, next year's models are even better. The most interesting innovation is the fitting of four-wheel brakes on the Morris-Cowley models. Yet, even with this extra refinement, the price is to be lower by £5 than that of this year's rear-braked model. All through the range of models improvements have been made which will make them better cars than ever; and withal, the tendency of price is downward. The new list, which gives complete details, is well worth having.

W. W.

# Isotta Fraschini



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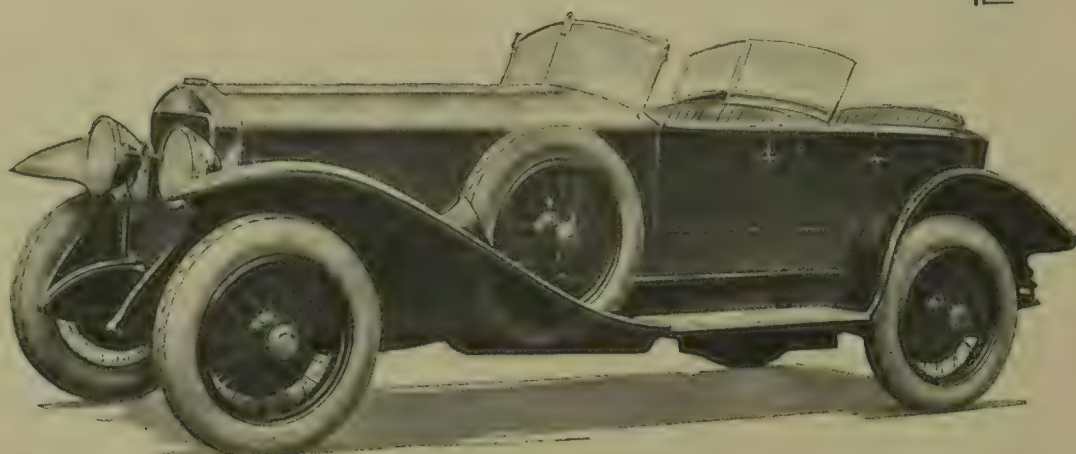
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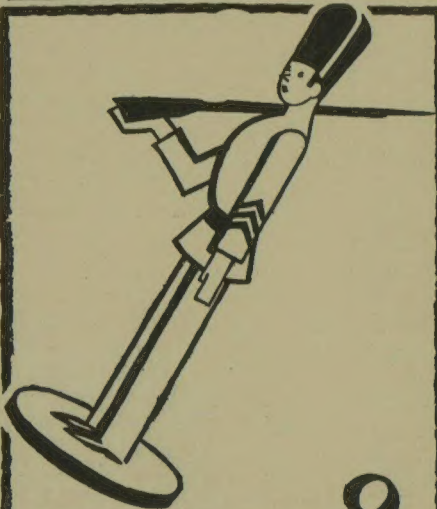
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(Anaglyph) 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.  
I.L.N., 19.9.1925.



**THE PLAYHOUSES.**—[Continued from page 550.]

both score in the fattest of parts; and only less good because they have less to do and say are Mr. Tristan Rawson and Mr. H. R. Hignett.

**"THE UNFAIR SEX." AT THE SAVOY.**

"The Unfair Sex" belongs to the good sort of farce, and is sure to run. Its matter is not over-new, but it is so neatly handled and so happily presented and acted that prophecy can hardly go wrong in this case. The Savoy cast contains a constellation of stars. First there is Miss Athene Seyler, who adds one more portrait to her gallery of tearful, feather-brained heroines. Then there is Mr. Clifford Mollison demonstrating afresh that he is in the front rank of our light comedians. And Mr. C. M. Lowne is here, with his easy style and ripe experience, which have their match in Miss Henrietta Watson, an actress too rarely seen nowadays. Other high-spirited members of the company are Mr. Basil Foster, Miss Rosaline Courtneidge, and Miss Ethel Coleridge. Indeed no better farce-acting than this can be found in town.

**"THE MONKEY TALKS." AT THE LITTLE.**

The feature of the rather artless and ultra-sentimental story adapted from the French under the title of "The Monkey Talks," is the marvellous impersonation of an animal provided by M. Jacques Lerner. The Paris Press has written with justifiable enthusiasm over this performance, and London is likely to follow the lead of Paris. There are other interesting studies in the piece, a retired lion-tamer and a piquant tight-rope dancer, both rendered attractive by Mr. Charles Carson and Miss Betty Clarke respectively. But M. Lerner's is the part, and not only does he mimic a monkey vividly; he also wrings our hearts over the private distresses of the poor fellow who is condemned to wear in public so grotesque a disguise.

All our readers interested in Egypt and its archaeological treasures will be glad to learn that the excavation of the Osireion at Abydos, which was interrupted

by the war and has since been in abeyance for lack of funds, is to be resumed this winter by the Egypt Exploration Society, whose head office is in London at 13, Tavistock Square. The site at Abydos is one of the most important in Egypt, and presents fascinating problems in regard to the pool, or canal, that surrounded the building, which some believe to be the tomb of Osiris, and to its connection with the adjacent Temple of Seti. An illustrated pamphlet on the subject has been prepared for the Society by Dr. H. R. Hall, Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum. "The extent of the work," it is pointed out, "will depend on the money available, and the committee makes a most earnest appeal to all members of the Society to assist and to arouse the interest of their friends." It is hoped that many tourists, both British and American, whose intellectual enjoyment in Egypt is much enhanced by the results of archaeological enterprise, will help towards its financial support. We feel sure that among our readers this appeal will not fall on "stony ground."

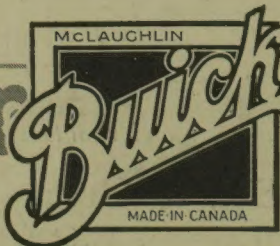


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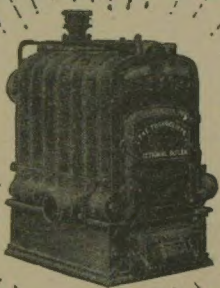
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HE possibly wrote his plays and poems by their soft, mellow light, for when Thomas Field retired in 1581 his candles were firmly established in Royal and Public favour. Three hundred years have added both beauty and the glamour of antiquity to the products of this famous firm. "Nell Gwynn" Candles embody all the charm of the Old World craftsman's handiwork. Could Shakespeare but see them to-day, what a spell he might weave around their stately form and limpid colours! "Nell Gwynn" Candles supply the final touch of decoration, and the unique attractiveness of soft candle light to your home.

### WILL STAND TROPICAL HEAT.

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"I feel that I must write and tell you how delighted I am with your 'Nell Gwynn' Candles. My husband has been in this country for twelve years now, and he says that the 'Nell Gwynn' Candles are the first he has ever seen which have been of any real use, because they keep their uprightness in the candlesticks, and do not melt in this intense heat. These candles are a beautiful and useful addition to the home—not only in England but in West Africa."  
(Signed) E. B. H.

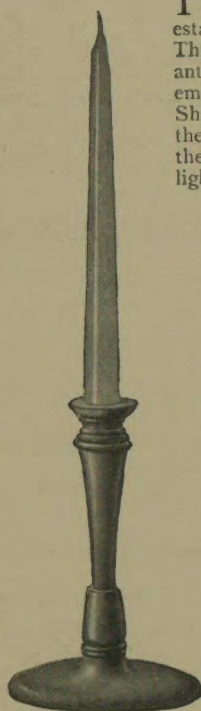
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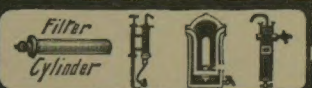
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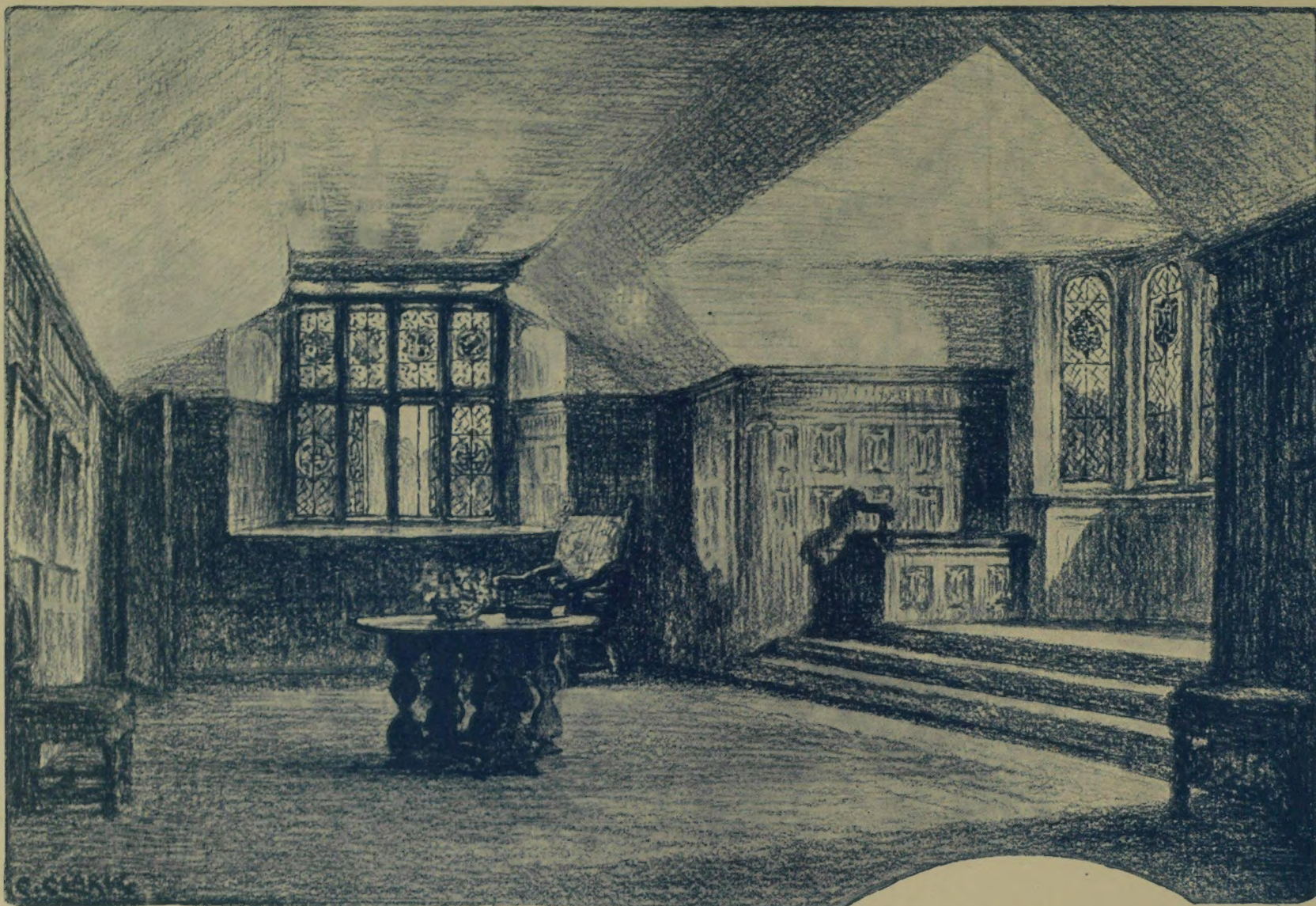


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The end of the gallery, Hever Castle, Kent.

## The Courting of a Queen

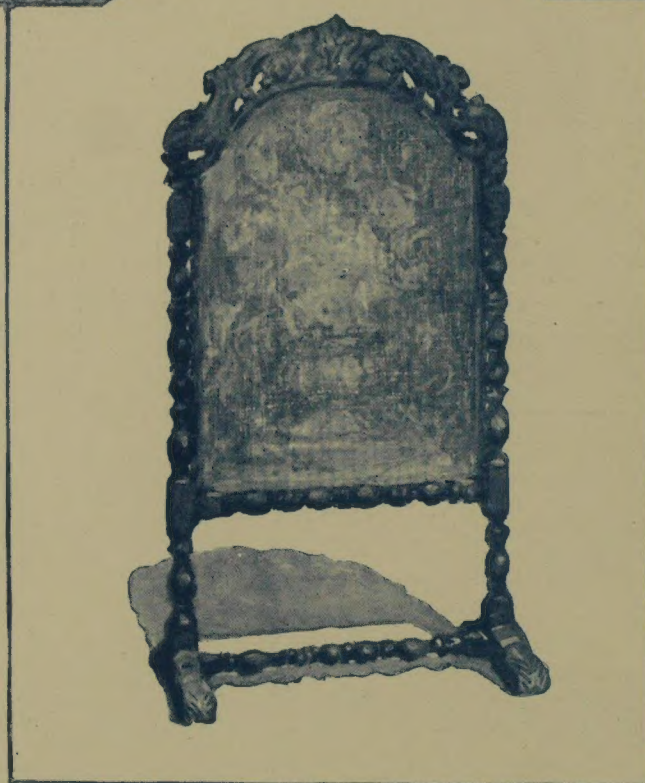
**I**N the heart of the Kentish Weald, Henry de Hevre built his house six hundred years ago, and, after the fashion, designed the fortalice with four-square stone walls, a surrounding moat and a strong entrance tower guarded by portcullis and drawbridge. Having obtained the requisite licence from his King, Edward III., de Hevre embattled the walls for its better defence and so gave his building the rank of "Castle."

During the following century a prosperous merchant, Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, Lord Mayor of London, made Hever Castle his country home, and here his great-granddaughter Anne Boleyn spent much of her girlhood. From over the distant downs to visit her came "bluff King Hal," with a small cavalcade, sounding a bugle horn as the Castle came in view to advise Anne of his near approach, for this picturesque old fortress was the scene of their clandestine courtship.

After Anne's tragic death and after Henry VIII. had caused the marriage to be declared void, this did not prevent him from seizing the estate in right of his late wife, and installing Anne of Cleves in the Castle for her lifetime.

Hever Castle now stands much as it did three hundred years ago—a fascinating picture of an old English home. The massive external stone walls give place in the courtyard to picturesque half-timber walls and diamond-paned casements. Within the house its original character has been so well preserved or perfectly restored that history seems to have stood still here since the days of that fateful royal romance.

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*Dye Ken*  
**John Haig?**



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